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"Sez 'E" or "Thinks 'E" by C. E. Montague, on page 880

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Good, Better, Best

NEVER before have so many readers asked for advice in the choice of books, which is probably the reason for the many complaints of the kind of advice given. There must be some panacea—so some readers think—which is applicable to every itch for reading, some formula which will prescribe for every taste and need. Another delusion, that it is easy to be sure of the best, dies hard, or never dies at all. Readers are not content to be told what is good, though whether a book is really good can be asserted by a competent judge with approximate certainty. They insist upon knowing whether a book is the best of a year, of a nation, of a century. They might learn from the history of the arts that "best" has seldom been used by wise judges except in a limited competition, and when used more broadly has proved to be wrong as often as right. Byron and Correggio were "bests" once. It is certain that they were, and are, good.

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The problem of "bests" and even of "goods" has always aroused irritation. For "bests" there is no solution, and it would be wise to drop the word, except for masterpieces seasoned by at least half a century of reading. But surely we need more, not less, recommending of "goods." Books are expensive—they must compete with cheaper magazines—they are of all qualities, with the shoddy predominating. Advice is worth having, whether given as criticism or recommendation.

And this advice must inevitably be somewhat personal, although it should weigh in an even balance likes and dislikes which are temporal or individual and standards of excellence in art or truth which are timeless and universally human. "I like" is a personal expression, "it is good" is an abstraction. Without the first expressed predilection, the critic is merely logical and often fantastically wrong, since no emotion (which must always underlie reason) guides him. Without the second, he is limited by his own enthusiasms, which may become hysterias. Estimates should be appraisals, but they should be appraisals made with passion and with warmth.

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The Editors of this *Review* intend to indicate their own personal choices among books they have read and liked and believe in, especially in books whose novelty or freshness makes recommendation desirable. Like the book clubs, they propose to deal in "goods" not in "bests," and hope to escape the ill advised criticism of those organizations by critics who insist that to choose a "good" implies an absolute "best." Furthermore, unlike the publishers, they have no books to sell, and, unlike the book clubs, no books to send out broadcast, and therefore can be arbitrary in their choices. And since the readers of this *Review* are probably aware of the kind of books the Editors like best—the extensions and the limitations of their taste—they propose to make these indicated preferences personal and selective in the sense that they will choose, not what they *ought*, perhaps, but what they *do* know and like in current books.

No one need take their suggestions unless there is a felt likemindedness. No one need be offended, if having a taste for detective stories, he finds on our list poems and histories of the decline of Rome. Our platform is "More advice: take it, or leave it; and get more where you can." And if we think that a book is the best of the century we shall prob-

(*Continued on page* 876)

Song

By JOHN FINLEY, JR.

THE night-hawks, when the hour of day is by,
Ascend in heaven o'er the eastern hill,
Where doth Capella frailly shine and still
In her far realm beyond the treetop high,
And now as easelessly the airs fulfil
Day's little interval below the sky,
Circling and swift, they weave where none descry
And call their plaintive chantry while they will.

A mother and a child, late in the field,
Retrace with unlike steps the saddened way,
And while the mother stoops, the child doth say
The sweet account of all its day did yield.

Thus, in the spring, birds for a little hour
Conceive brief melody before the night,
As would they pray God keep them to the light,
For that they love Him too in tiny power.

Now, one by one, in heaven pale worlds appear,
And child and bird the gentle light forget,
As coldly in the field the rivulet
Sings, lingering, its song, and night is near.

The night-hawks, when the light beloved so well
Is so soon quenched upon the western sky,
Among the stars over the pasture fly
And weave and sink again to where they dwell.

And only they their cares at evening tell,
Save as in valley deep the frogs reply
And, in the field beneath the starlight high,
The wakeful cow doth fret her nightly bell.

This Week

"What Is Wrong with Marriage?"
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.
"Falmouth for Orders."
Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS.
"Henry the Eighth."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.
"Consecratio Medici."
Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M. D.
"Evangelized America."
Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO.
"Further Correspondence of Samuel Pepys."
Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT.
"The Innocent Voyage."
Reviewed by ROBERT MACDOUGALL.
"The Snake Pit."
Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON.
"The Way the World Is Going."
Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN.
The Folder.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week

Spring Book Number.

The Tie That Used to Bind*

By ELMER DAVIS

"WHAT is wrong with marriage?" seems to have become definitely the most popular topic of American conversation, now that there is no longer trouble in getting good gin; perhaps because everybody knows something about it, if only on the principle of *pars magna fui*, and nobody knows very much. Three professional groups know, or claim to know, more about it than the rest of us—the theologians by revelation, the novelists by artistic intuition, and the psychiatrists by the baser method of induction from observed evidence; but none of them gives the question a very satisfactory answer.

The verdict of the novelists, in so far as it can be summarized, seems to be that marriage is a great experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise. The theologians, in the main, think that all that is needed is stricter enforcement; but they have the advantage of rejecting all evidence that conflicts with revealed truth. And the psychiatrists are hampered by getting most of their information from marriages that have plainly gone wrong. There is not much scientifically valuable evidence about the working of marriages which seem, to those involved and to their acquaintances, to go tolerably well.

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The most sublime of recent thoughts on marriage comes from a theologian who also practises psychiatry. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, if the papers quote him correctly, says that the trouble is not so much with marriage as with the men and women who get married. This somewhat Procrustean doctrine offers, of course, a sufficient answer to the problems, not only of marriage, but of prohibition, the tariff, farm relief, municipal government, reparations, and war debts. Man was made for institutions, not the institutions for man; if he does not fit them, so much the worse for him.

Less sweeping are the two books by professional psychiatrists here considered. The authors of both would agree with Fosdick that the ideal of marriage is the durable monogamous union of a man and a woman who try to live together because they want to; both admit divorce, but only when a choice must be made between evils. Dr. Wile's book bears a somewhat misleading title; he is not arguing for a new type of marriage, but suggesting how the old type may be made more workable under modern conditions. His book is chiefly a compendium of advice to the married or those contemplating matrimony; all of it is sound and none of it is new, to those who have read extensively on this popular subject. Young people contemplating marriage, however, will find in it much excellent advice if no great novelty.

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Dr. Hamilton's volume deserves more extended attention, because it offers just that sort of evidence that has hitherto been lacking. He persuaded a hundred married men and a hundred married women, including fifty-five pairs married to each other, to answer an enormous volume of questions, under conditions framed as carefully as possible to prevent the examiner from suggesting the replies. The re-

* WHAT IS WRONG WITH MARRIAGE. By DR. G. V. HAMILTON and KENNETH MACGOWAN. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1929. $3.

MARRIAGE IN THE MODERN MANNER. By IRA S. WILE and MARY DAY WINN. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $2.

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sult is analyzed and compiled by Kenneth MacGowan, with a copious apparatus of statistics, charts, graphs, and curves. Reading it, you feel that you have been endowed with the power to see through walls; you can watch the most intimate details of life in two hundred homes—and all with the loftiest scientific purpose. But how much is it worth?

So far as the method goes, the examiners have probably done as well as possible. MacGowan's analysis of the replies to questions framed by Hamilton might be called, in the Platonic and not invidious sense, the third remove from absolute truth; but that is about as near as we can get in such matters. A graver doubt springs from the number and character of the subjects examined. Two hundred human guinea pigs is a very large number to collect, but a very small number on which to base generalizations; especially as most of them come from a single class, and that the one least representative of the social body—the penniless intellectuals. None of these men, apparently is rich; half of them, by New York standards, are actually poor. Four fifths of them are engaged in intellectual occupations; and one suspects that most of the business men have intellectual interests. Forty-six of the two hundred men and women are engaged in the arts.

"They are above the average," says Mr. MacGowan, "in intellectual capacity, courage, honesty, and general enlightenment," Doubtless; also in willingness to talk. But persons who happen to know a considerable number of the two hundred doubt if their experience proves much about the human race. Certainly a group of which fifteen per cent feels that "adultery needs little or no justification," and in which half that number seem to think that it should be committed as a matter of principle, whether you like it or not, can hardly be regarded as representative.

The authors concede that if they had had two thousand or twenty thousand specimens to study a few of their conclusions might be reversed. No such pusillanimous moderation restrains John Broadus Watson, who writes an introduction. "I for one," he says, "have never felt that we should attempt to delay presenting our results to the public until a large enough number of cases can be cited to yield results statistically reliable." (Unreliable results are apt to make better reading.) "I would rather see the behavior of one white rat observed carefully from the moment of birth to death than to see a large volume of accurate statistical data on how two thousand rats learned to open a puzzle box."

* * *

"Sex," Dr. Watson warbles, "is admittedly the most important subject in life." And we want it explained to us, "not by our mothers and grandmothers, not by priests and clergymen in the interest of middle-aged mores, not by general practitioners, not even by Freudians"; but by Watsonite behaviorists who regard a man as objectively as an amoeba. The layman may hope they will also be objective enough to note some slight differences between a man and an amoeba. Our educational and scientific foundations, thinks Dr. Watson, are grievously illiberal. "If all of them were to spend all their income on the marriage problem—or better the problem of how men and women should live together (maybe it will turn out that marriage is not the solution)—they would be helping humanity far more in my opinion than if they continued to sponsor the physical and strictly biological sciences. Science has gone far enough for a time." (Amen, from a thousand pulpits.) "We as human beings should be allowed to catch up on the science of living together."

Hurrah! School is out. Roll up the map of Europe; it will not be needed these ten years. Shut down the universities, send Congress home; let the boll weevil go on keeping down the cotton crop, and cancer continue its beneficent work of cutting off people who have outlived their usefulness. Never mind what is happening in distant island universes; we are all going to have a grand good time watching caged pairs of adolescents learn how to open the puzzle box. Watson might rejoin that everybody is going to open it anyway, so we might as well learn how to do it right. But his methods of persuasion are better adapted to putting over a vanishing cream than to diverting the whole movement of scientific research.

But Dr. Watson, after all, did not write the book, though his introduction may deter many people from reading it. That would be a pity, for in evidence so scanty every reader can find scientific confirmation of what he believed already. This reviewer was astonished to find so much support for the conclusion of common sense; which probably means that the reviewer, like most people, identifies common sense with his own opinions. The authors have resisted this temptation pretty well; and Dr. Hamilton deserves a special award of merit for admitting that doctors' bills seem to be the chief reason why middle-class New Yorkers do not save money, and that obstetricians' fees are one large cause of race suicide.

Fifty-one of the hundred men, forty-five of the hundred women, answered questions in such a way that Dr. Hamilton concluded they could be called happily married. (Flagrantly mismated couples were excluded from the research.) Whether you think this figure is too high, or too low, depends on your definition of happiness; Mr. Edison, who might be supposed to know more happy people than most of us, has lately said that he does not know any. Dr. Hamilton's system of grading, however, seems too severe; fifty per cent, quite properly, is the passing mark," but many questions called for a yes-or-no answer that few people could give. The fact that men seem happier than women may mean that they have more interests outside the home, and consequently less interest in what goes on in it. Or it may, the authors, suggest, reflect the male tendency to put the best face on matters—to be chivalrous, idealistic, optimistic. The women, in this and other matters, are realists. That was pretty generally known already, but even this exiguous confirmation is interesting. In one point only does feminine realism fail—most husbands complain that their wives talk too much, most wives that their husbands talk too little. Rare is the woman who realizes that the less said the better.

* * *

What is wrong with these marriages, successful or unsuccessful? Temperamental more than sexual dissatisfactions; these two far more than anything else. The authors qualify; you can never be sure that sexual incompatibility is not at the root of a temperamental difference, or, conversely, that temperamental distaste does not contribute to sexual incompatibility. Money troubles run far behind; Dr. Hamilton, concludes that most quarrels over money are only symptoms of a tension that has its root elsewhere.

In one point, the results of this research make painful reading for intellectuals. Among these two hundred specimens, people who did not go to college are more happily married than those who did; and women married to business men are more often happy than those married to intellectuals. Because the business men make more money? That doubtless helps; but perhaps the ability to make money is only one expression of a pervasive talent for dealing with things as they are. Maybe Hoover is right; make your money first and then seek the higher things. What is worse, wives who must ask their husbands for every nickel are happier than those who have allowances, and much happier than those who share their husbands' bank accounts. It begins to look as if the ideal husband for an intellectual woman is a big, virile brute who delights in making the pretty creature ask him for fifty cents, so that he can give her fifty dollars. Women who earn their own money show the lowest happiness rating of all; but the authors remark that here again it is hard to say which is cause and which effect.

Much of the detailed evidence on the sexual side of marriage has had to be withheld from a book intended for general sale.* Some conclusions that emerge from these two hundred cases confirm what had been generally suspected. Many women fall short of complete sexual satisfaction, and such a failure is conducive to neurosis. Men who have had a good deal of experience before marriage are apt to be good lovers, but restless husbands. People who fail to find satisfaction in marriage are not very likely to find it in adultery. (Dr. Watson objects to that word, but it is a convenient stencil; people know what it means.) Faithful wives and husbands are happier in marriage than those who stray—or, as the authors remind us, it may be only that those who are happily married are more likely to be faithful. Either way, it is hardly front-page news.

There may be more surprise at the statistical conclusion—from two hundred cases, remember—that men who have known only one woman, women who have known only one man, are more likely to be happy than those who have shopped around. There are more of such men, and fewer of such women, than you might expect; but remember that this group is peculiar. Men seem to have been growing more ascetic in recent decades and women less so; among the subjects born since 1890, the girls had actually had more pre-marital experience than the men. But on all these points Dr. Hamilton would need his twenty thousand cases before his results would prove much.

A lay reviewer has no business imposing his own interpretations on all this; but one thing sticks out clearly enough, and it brings us back to Fosdick. "The trouble with marriage is with the men and women who get married." Well, Dr. Hamilton's investigation shows pretty clearly that men and women who are physically healthy and nervously stable have a better than average chance for happiness in marriage; as they have in anything else. Only, Hamilton would say that the trouble is with the fathers and mothers of the people who get married. Bring up a child in the way he should not go—evade or silence his curiosity about sex, give him a constant picture of marital quarreling, fix a boy's affection too keenly on his mother or teach a girl that her father is hateful—and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Without any hope of its enactment, Dr. Hamilton suggests an ideal marriage and divorce law. Parenthood should be licensed by the state, and only to those who can pass a physical and mental examination; no couple should be allowed to have children till they have been married three years. This, he observes with truth, is not the companionate, the temporary childless union of a pair who are not sure they care enough for each other to live their lives together. People who feel like that should not marry, he says; what else they do is not the State's business. "But if the lovers want to marry, it is the State, and not the lovers, that should entertain doubts." This is such good sense that one despairs of ever seeing it on the statute books.

* * *

The same impracticality infects (to return to the other book under discussion) Dr. Wile's proposals for making the best of marriage as it is. "Probably the fundamental reason for the dissolution of so many American marriages is not that our ideals are too low, but that they are too high. We want everything or nothing." Why not? It is just this optimistic idealism that has made America great; at least that is what most people believe has made America great, which comes to the same thing. The crowning glory of American greatness is the Coolidge-Hoover bull market. What made it? Idealism; the high expectations of people who were not content with a niggardly twenty-per-cent profit, but held on for two hundred per cent, and got it.

Of course, idealism costs something. We want everything, as Dr. Wile observes, and are dissatisfied with anything less. But when Dr. Wile intimates that if we expected less we might get more; that, as Carlyle put it, when you decrease the denominator you increase the numerator, he asks more than human nature will endure, at least in America of 1929. In this land of opportunity and the instalment plan, no man or woman of spirit and self-respect could expect less than everything.

Dr. Wile, in short, proves his Americanism by himself expecting the impossible. If the fault is not with marriage but with the people who marry, what sort of person can make a marriage work? All sorts of high authorities from King Solomon down have given us definitions of the perfect wife. Responding to the changed emphasis of our times, Dr. Wile essays to define the perfect husband. "Generally speaking, the man who has the best chance to hold his wife's affection is the one who—" The description is too long to quote, but it sounds like a nominating speech. The man who is and does all of that could not only hold his wife's affection, but gain pretty nearly all the other objects of human endeavor, including the affection of most of the other women he knew, whether he wanted it or not. Few of us have ever met him.

If an improvement in marriage must depend on so much improvement in men and women, it must be feared that the monogamous millennium is not yet in sight. And perhaps that is a good thing for men and women, if not for the institution of marriage; for marriage, like obsolescent pre-war battleships, can be modernized only at a terrific cost. "Who can say," asks Dr. Wile, "that our great business preëminence is not, to some extent at least, a by-product of the large number of unhappy mar-

* Dr. Hamilton' "A Research into Marriage" (Boni), intended for physicians and students of sociology, presents the statistics here unrecorded.

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riages?" No one can say it who has observed that familiar phenomenon, the man who gets on in the world by spending twelve hours a day at the office, because he hates to go home and is too much afraid of his wife to go anywhere else.

Let us be true, then, to the spirit of America, even if it does keep the divorce courts busy. Not by men who wasted their time in uxorious dalliance was our imposing business structure built up; nor, for that matter, was Radio run up to 530 (or whatever astronomical figure it may have reached by the time this is printed) by women who cared so much for their husbands that they saved their money in case John might need it in some unforeseen pinch. Hard as it may be on the art of conversation, it might be safer to stop worrying about what is the matter with marriage. Is the American Home worth saving, at the cost of American Optimism and American Prosperity? The Noes have it, without a rising vote.

Aboard a Square-Rigger

FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS. By A. J. VILLIERS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

SINCE the turn of the century there have been only a few books that shed an authentic afterglow on the disappearing age of sail—personal narratives, that is, of seamen who were also writers. I call three of these to mind,—Riesenberg's "Under Sail," Lubbock's "Round the Horn Before the Mast," and Bone's "The Brassbounder." Perhaps more have been written. These three, at any rate, for wealth and intimacy of detail of the life aboard a square-rigger, rank almost with Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast."

And now comes a fourth, from which the qualifying adverb may well be omitted. "Falmouth for Orders" is as vivid and valuable a record of seafaring in the twentieth century as "Two Years Before the Mast" was of the life nearly a hundred years ago. It is even more. With care the author has assembled data concerning the last fleet of square-rigged ships and laid down facts of nationality, of purchase cost, of wages and maintenance, and of voyages, so that the historian of the future need not grope for an accurate picture of the expiring conditions of today.

Yet this admirable volume is in no sense a dry record of facts. The author, learning that two four-masted barques, one the Swedish *Beatrice* and the other the Finnish *Herzogin Cecilie*, were loading with grain at Port Lincoln, Australia, and were bound for Falmouth, England, for orders, shipped as able seaman on the latter—a lone Australian in a mixed crew of Swedes and Finns. Villiers felt that this might be the last race between survivors of the post-clipper era, and both as a seaman and as a reporter he wanted to be in it. As the affair worked out, it was no race at all, for the ways of the two ships parted, the *Beatrice* sailing west around the Cape of Good Hope, and the *Herzogin Cecilie* east around the Horn, and arriving at Falmouth eighteen days ahead of her competitor. But all through the voyage and all through the book there is the feeling of racing—of anxiety in fog, of hopelessness in calm, and of carrying sail to the last minute and then shaking it out in the teeth of the slackening gale.

Excitement, I must quote from a midnight episode to give the full flavor of it:

> It looked as if it were walking into the arms of death to go on that (tops'l) yard. Maybe it was, in a way, though one by one we went out, and nobody thought of that. . . . The loose end of the chain-sheet, flying insanely around, swished through the air with a mad s-s-s-s, threatening murder to us all, and every now and then thwacking the steel lower tops'l yard with a crash that shook it, setting up an awful display of electric sparks. It tore a hole in the canvas of the lower tops'l, and the lee side of that went, too. The loose ends of the wire buntlines that had carried away were up to the same game, coiling through the air like flying snakes, writhing around us, just missing us, flying into the air, and entwining around the rigging. These were only some of the things that we had to face to lay out on that yard. The whole of the tops'l—and it was 95 feet wide by 25 feet deep of best storm canvas—flapped back over the yard every now and then, seeming to say to us that if we were mad enough to go out there—well, it would know what to do with us, that was all. We went; it bellied back upon us so that we had to slip down on the foot ropes and lie there for our lives; it flung itself over that yard in a furious attempt to dislodge the puny humans who had come to fight it. Pieces of it that had carried away were flying around in the air like the loose buntline ends, and if any of these had caught us around the neck it would have been the end. . . . Once a steel buntline, writhing back over the yard, caught Zimmermann in the head and brought the swift blood. He reeled a bit, but carried on. Then after a while we saw that he had fainted, and lay in imminent peril across the yard. For one awful moment the canvas stayed still while we fought to him, and then, because we could not take him down we lashed him there. And when we had time to remember him again we found that he had come to, and was working. Game? I don't know; it was no use any being in the ship-of-sails who was not like that.

Romance? You have it in the mere recital of the ship's dimensions and in the number and the ages of her crew. The *Herzogin Cecilie*, 314 feet in length and of 3,242 tons weight, was built in 1902 as a German training ship, to be handled by a crew of ninety men and boys. In her race to Falmouth in 1928, her rig unchanged, she was handled by a foremast crew of nineteen men and boys, all of whom had come into the world since the building of their ship, and whose average age was less than eighteen years. The mate was twenty-two, and the master, more than twice the age of three-fifths of his crew, was an old man of forty-three. Zimmermann, the game salt mentioned in the quotation above, was nineteen.

HENRY VIII

From the painting after Holbein in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

If the author had wanted to romanticize this truthful record he had full opportunity, for on the second day out from port a stowaway bobbed up—and she was a girl in boy's clothes. But she was received with resignation by the master and mates and was told to make herself some civilized clothes and get to work sweeping and cleaning, and with alarm by the crew who feared that she would bring them head winds. Her story told, she is dismissed from the narrative, and there is no intimation that she incited the crew to mutiny or did any of the romantic things credited to the modern heroine of sea fiction. Sailors are captious critics. If details are incorrect they naturally reject the whole. It is refreshing to offer them a book which without exaggeration gives all the realism that a landsman craves, written by a seaman with a sympathetic feeling for the sea.

According to a dispatch to the New York *Times*, a bequest of $100,000 by an Australian judge, Henry Bournes Higgins, has brought the work of the Royal Irish Academy into the limelight. The money will be used for the publication of some of the twelve thousand valuable ancient Irish manuscripts in its library and for the foundation of traveling art scholarships and for research work.

While the burning of the Four Courts will result in many blanks in the story of Ireland during the twentieth century, the Royal Irish Academy possesses a wealth of fact and legend most of which is as yet undiscovered in the twelve thousand or more manuscripts. Lack of funds has been largely responsible for the fact that so far the major part of these has never been translated. Some of them date back to the eleventh century. At least forty-five are on parchment, including the famous "Book of the Dun Cow," as the "Leborna h-Uidhre" is known, which is a codex compiled by monks of Clonmacnoise, and includes the fabulous stories of the invasions by which Ireland was peopled, and the poems attributed to St. Columba.

Monarch and Man

HENRY THE EIGHTH. By FRANCIS HACKETT. New York: Horace Liveright. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN
Yale University

THE public is likely to ask for the impossible in history, something short, interesting, and comprehensive. But obviously the most entertaining works of history are those that cover a short period at great length and so allow the reader to see the same characters appearing again and again. Macaulay was able to enlist the attention of My Lady because he wrote four volumes concerning the events of a few years; and the circle about whom My Lady read, if more important than her own, was not more difficult to know; there was the same rubbing of people against people and circumstances, there was the same number of plots and counterplots and byplots. She could keep track of it as if these people were on her own special 'phone list.

Mr. Hackett is no Macaulay but he has been able to give us in one rather large volume the same effect of daily knowledge of people not too far away from us, yes, and to give us a history that combines features of a Walter Scott romance with a modern realistic and psychological novel. We meet Anne Boleyn, her ruined sister, her brother, and her father, her friends and those who would put her down if they could; we see her playing to win or lose it all, and when she loses, we are sorry for her, sorry perhaps as in the old verse, "she waltzed rather well, I'm sorry she's dead." We meet the people of the court at Richmond and in the hunting field, we come to know old Chapuys, the Spanish ambassador, gathering secrets while he might, we see young ladies-in-waiting waving handkerchiefs from windows, and we hear who told on them. Greater events are shown us, the policies of the mighty Wolsey, those policies written in sand, the ever changing diplomacy of Henry, Charles V, and Francis I, which, by some skill of the author, is made clear and easy to read about. Those portentous sovereigns whom we vaguely remembered out of children's texts become people we have known. Dénouement of course there is none, as in the novels of our day, but unhappy endings all through, dying speeches, and blood spurting on Tower Hill. And to the reader the best of it is that it all happened. It is as real as rainy days that follow one another, more real, I think, than the Elizabeth-Essex story we have all been talking about. Strachey is very good reading, we come away from it aware of tragedy, but feeling no katharsis of emotion, wondering rather about the clever writer.

One may be allowed to suspect that Mr. Hackett first became interested in Henry VIII on account of his wives, an aspect of Henry's life that even the most constitutional of historians finds it difficult to ignore. One suspects that it was a psychological interest, an interest in the "bull man" who "had embarked on that most ambitious of all adventures, the grouping of world-facts around a personal desire." That interested him, and the desires, aspirations, and repressions of all the many people around Henry came to interest him. In dealing with them he is likely to allow imagination to run in front of knowledge. Again and again he constructs from a few hints a whole personality, a personality that fits together and seems probable enough, but may be far from the truth, which, if we knew, might be improbable. With all his psychology Mr. Hackett seems to me to miss one of his chances. He is concerned with the progressive deterioration of Henry, but not so much with that subtle change in character wrought by unlimited power in the hands of an undisciplined person as with the physical weakness that came with weight and years, into the details of which he goes with as much loving and realistic attention as Rupert Brooke in his least pleasant poem.

Mr. Hackett is obviously not an old hand at history. Of what parliament was at this time he has none too clear a notion and he touches it gingerly as he would a nettle. Nor does he know a great deal about the relations of Church and State before Henry VIII, and in that long history lies much of the explanation of what happened when Henry failed to get his divorce. He is too inclined to accept, with an engaging credulity, the good stories told by Roper, Cavendish, and various ambassadors. Furthermore, he is given to fancying purpose where probably none was. He sees Thomas Cromwell intent on overturning the Church. Cromwell was less interested in the Church than in serving his master

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as best he could; if he could strengthen the government of that divinity and make him rich from the spoils of the monasteries so much the better. More experienced historians than Hackett have yielded to the temptation to assume that statesmen do with aforethought that which is afterwards set down as their achievement.

But if not an old hand at history Mr. Hackett is not without an historical conscience nor without a sense of the past. He is obviously a man of intellectual integrity who was led from other interests into the study of history until he found himself involved, and went at sources, went at them evidently with a terrible persistence and curiosity. Years of work there must be in this book, but happily work that did not destroy an extraordinary quality of imagination but rather fostered it. The author has more skill in seeing a particular past time than many professional historians; he has a feeling of the climates and geography of opinion; he has an uncanny understanding of the English squirearchy—he is Irish born—and of its implications. Nor is that skill only exercised about classes; he sees individuals so vividly in his own mind's eye that we cannot forget his pictures, even if sometimes the colors seem too bright.

Here is his description of the class that surrounded Henry, squires and nobles:

> They were indigenous and they were beamed like oaks. They grew and spread, formidable because of their slow imaginations, their thick wills, their truculence, and their umbrageous tenacity. Yet a little literacy distilled into these men and dreadful things happened. Stable and routine themselves, they bred hot-tempered, wilful, adventurous children, whose voluble and original, not to say eccentric, expressiveness carried them fast into Elizabethan days . . . they (the children) managed by sheer daring to translate their illiterate forebears into something that raced and rhymed.

In the same tone is his picture of a celebrated English family:

> The Howards had in their hearts the icy core of pride. This jewel they preserved by hard courage, grim zeal, smooth habit, and level-eyed contempt. . . . The Howards were the most deeply instinctive of all the great families in whose medium the royal . . . principle swims. It is not their lot to change but to transmit intact the germ-plasm of an established order, and nothing short of revolution or extermination can shatter such families.

In the last sentence Hackett might be speaking of the Wiltshire Longs, as E. T. Raymond has described them, or of countless county folk that make up the political backbone of the *Morning Post* party.

* * *

He is no less vivid about individuals. "Alexander VI," he says, "was a brigand, a robber baron, one of those hard, nut-headed men whose ferocious gusto and pithy decision and vibrant yes and no are like hot days falling without the nonsense of twilight into the cold clarity of night. Alexander was a strong and shrewd animal wallowing in the papacy like a rhinocerous in the warm mud." Clement VII was a "handsome man with a sensitive face, brilliant eyes, quivering, alive, with a suave, caressing, ingratiating soul, who hoped by imparting his difficulties to excite sympathy and thus escape them." Katharine Parr was a "lady of the court, but one of those who push up by themselves in any society, out of season or in season, affluent in their natures, well-molded, rich, gracious like a crocus under autumn leaves." Of Katheryn Howard in her troubles he says: "She was too young to understand the complex laws of self-preservation and not old enough to apprehend the dangers of sincerity."

That gift of imaginative conception of people leads not infrequently into exaggeration. Of Thomas Cromwell he says:

> He had a peeled eye and a hard face. Life to him was no philosophic interlude, no theological way-station, no unfurnished junction between Nowhere and Somewhere; it was a fight with poverty, a fight with necessity; it was a mixture of hell and *Kriegsspiel*. . . . He would be the man to act as go-between, to pay off the wench in trouble, to force through the liquidation, to browbeat the timid, to break down the evasive, to clean up the débris of orgy, ill nature, and extravagance, to push the resourceless to the wall. . . . Men like Thomas Cromwell swim up the sewer to power.

Cromwell hardly deserves such a piling up of denunciation. That the chief servant of Henry had dirty work to do needs no saying, he was likely to go at his work with directness, but he was no more a knave than most statesmen of this time. A statesman he was, if the measure be the work accomplished, and that he was an upstart, and that he plundered the monasteries gives little excuse for talk about "sewers."

He does not go out of his way to be fair to Cranmer. When Cromwell had been thrown in the Tower, he tells us: "Two men owed much to Cromwell . . . the other was Cranmer. But Cranmer was a weeping willow. He was amazed! He was grief-stricken! 'I loved him as a friend,' he wrote to Henry, 'and the more for the love he seemed to bear Your Grace.'" True enough, but hardly the whole truth. Cranmer's letter, while it assumed the truth of the charge against Cromwell, was about as persuasive a letter in behalf of his old friend as it was healthy for him to write to one grown old in tyranny. It is easy for the historian sitting in safety to condemn the weak brothers of the past who were caught in a tight place. To Hackett, Cranmer is a type of the academic mind:

> This mind that housed an oubliette as well as a prayer-book, that lent the alembic of religion to distil one political opiate after another, that included a cupboard of theological skeleton keys—this mind had its own curious integrity. It was a beautiful instance of the definitely cerebral man, forced in middle age into action.

It will be seen that Mr. Hackett is inclined to pile up figures of speech. Now and then he goes on a rampage with metaphors. He has evidently set out to use the American language in all its idioms, modified by his own Irishry. Some of his idioms are unworthy of the book, most of them are arresting, and many felicitous. Such idioms as: "In the meantime Pope Julius died on him," or "His eye peeled for his own conquests" leave the reader less than flattered. To say of Henry, "This big-faced, little-eyed man . . . who went through wives as some men go through socks, with a kind of hilarious destructiveness," or to speak of the elders, "the solid men who ate the larks instead of listening to them," is a shade too smart. When he is explaining why Henry stood by a Cranmer under attack, a Cranmer who had arranged his divorces, he comments: "No man, no matter how tempted, is likely to pull down his fire-escape." Precedence in court he tells us was "like a quotation on the stock exchange." Henry raising an issue of right and wrong in order to give a fat living to a friend of Anne leads him to remark: "The moral trump has been slipped into the old easy-going game." He can plunge unafraid into the most involved metaphors:

> While he (Henry) was rehearsing his brasses for the next war, and ruling the kettle-drum for his work at Tyburn, he had no intention of leaving the religious accompaniment to chance. He was perfectly aware of the feud between Gardiner and Cranmer, but he did not propose to let the burly prelate with his gorgeous Catholic cello drown the first violin, who could not otherwise avoid a whine in his otherwise exquisite Protestantism. There had been a time in Henry's green days when he thought more of the score than of the playing. Now, willing to carry on the traditional symphony that his father played before him, he was supremely concerned with his team.

The figure changes:

> In his thirties no doubt he had referred everything to his conscience. But for seven years he had not mentioned that accusatory organ. It was gone, like a diseased kidney, and he was managing surprisingly well without it, finding, like most executive mankind, that (so long as the banks carry you) it is best to leave your moral worry to pressure from the outside.

I wonder if Mr. Hackett would call himself a disciple of Froude; he has an eye for the pageantry of the past, as that historian. Let me recommend to the reader, when he has finished Hackett, to turn back, not to Froude, but to a less exciting and briefer work, Pollard's "Henry VIII." There he will find less emphasis upon Henry's desire for Anne Boleyn and more stress upon Henry's conviction that Katharine's still-born and quickly dying children were an evidence of God's displeasure with him for marrying his deceased brother's wife. In Pollard too, the reader will be able to gain an estimate of the greatness of Henry's work, a sober estimate by one most competent to make it. Alas, that memory is a shiftless servant and that we shall probably forget Pollard's restrained words and remember the fine stories, the scenes, and the people in Hackett.

"Surely the most retiring novelist of our time," says *John O'London's Weekly*, "is Mr. George Preedy, the author of 'General Crack.' Mr. Preedy moves about the Continent quietly, unknown, in search of material for his novels, refusing to be interviewed, much less photographed. He has recently been in Dresden, exploring the archives and verifying references for his new novel, 'The Rocklitz.' This is a story of Germany in the seventeenth century."

A Surgeon's Avocations

CONSECRATIO MEDICI AND OTHER PAPERS. By HARVEY CUSHING, M. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M. D.

THE fourteen papers comprising Dr. Cushing's book cover a period of twenty years' literary effort snatched from the busy days and nights of a surgeon's life. Dr. Cushing stands at the head of his profession, not only in America, but in the world, as a neurological surgeon; his place in literature was firmly established in 1925 by his "Life of Sir William Osler," a book which was awarded the Pulitzer prize for biography for that year. His previous books dealt with the various aspects of his profession; the present deals largely with his avocations, medical history, and medical education.

One is impressed by the breadth of his interests. He skips from a clever skit about Garth, the Kit-Kat poet, to a splendid tribute to his lifelong friend, Osler, the physician. Other papers deal with a brilliant exposition of the personality of a modern hospital, the Ether Day address at the Massachusetts General Hospital in 1921, showing how the staff and everyone connected with a hospital may give a "personality" to the institution; another, "The Doctor and His Books," expands Osler's dictum: "To study the phenomena of disease without books is to sail an uncharted sea, while to study books without patients is not to go to sea at all." No subject is too small to attract his attention. The "Boston Tins" depicts in a delightful and whimsical way the history of the tins of surgical dressings made by a committee of Boston women and shipped to France during the War; one paper describes days with The British Medical Corps in 1915; another is a tribute to a nurse who died in service. Longer addresses, more serious in nature, on medical education and the relation of physicians to surgeons, read at important surgical congresses and medical schools, complete the volume. These, carefully written, detailed, and of considerable historical value, lack something of the charm of the more literary material. The best paper is the "Personality of a Hospital" mentioned above. Here one finds the real Cushing, historically minded, witty, generous to his colleagues, a personality himself who has given a distinctive stamp to his own hospital and American medicine.

Good, Better, Best

(*Continued from page* 873)

ably not say so. But for our own taste in goodness we shall be willing to fight.

The Editors of the *Review*, therefore, will publish from time to time the titles of such new books as seem to deserve and need recommendation to readers who have been willing to follow the stony path of criticism in our company.

THE books listed below have been read with interest by the Editors of *The Saturday Review* and have seemed to us worthy of especial recommendation to our subscribers. It is our desire to bring to the attention of our readers books of real excellence, especially books by new or not widely known authors, which may not always get the recognition which we believe they deserve.

THE DARK STAR. By LORNA MOON. Bobbs-Merrill. A story of the unhappy passion of a strong personality.

SIX MRS. GREENES. By LORNA REA. Harpers. A successful technical experiment in character fiction.

THIS POOR PLAYER. By SHIRLEY WATKINS. McCrea-Smith. The character study of an egotist.

FURTHER POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Little, Brown. A discovery of poems of the first quality by a woman likely to be ranked among the best in the nineteenth century.

UNDERTONES OF WAR. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Doubleday, Doran. The notebook of a poet at war.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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A History of Revivalism

EVANGELIZED AMERICA. By GROVER C. LOUD. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

THOUGH the writing of American history became, after Bancroft, primarily a professor's craft, it is surprising how often the lay historian has crashed the academic gates—and how often his books have modernized history. John Hay was a millionaire and a diplomat; Henry Adams, a historian before he was a professor, may be called a dilettante and his brothers were business men; James Ford Rhodes was a business man of wealth; Edward Eggleston was a preacher and a novelist. Subtract the contributions of these men from the history of the last generation and the remainder looks anæmic and doctrinaire. One need mention, of this generation, only James Truslow Adams, a stockbroker, and Allan Nevins, an editor and a literary critic.

The remembrance of such men adds force to the suggestion that Mr. Grover C. Loud, a newspaper man, may conceivably be joining the succession. Certainly, the fact that the workings of evangelism in America have had to await treatment by an outsider is no credit to the academic guild. From any conceivable point of view, evangelism is of absolutely first-rate importance in our history. Let me be more emphatic than that flat statement: in the formation of our national character, in the development of our institutions, in the ebb and flow of event and tendency that are called history, evangelism has been as important as any other single force. Let me be more emphatic still: the man who called it the most important single force could hardly be refuted. But if you try to find mention of it in the works of academic historians, you will discover it only in footnotes, and not often even there. The guild may get around to our camp-meetings, our religious wars, and our religious pathology, one understands, when it has finished listing the township-acts of state legislatures and the number of tons of salt pork freighted down the Mississippi in a year hitherto unaccounted for in the monographs.

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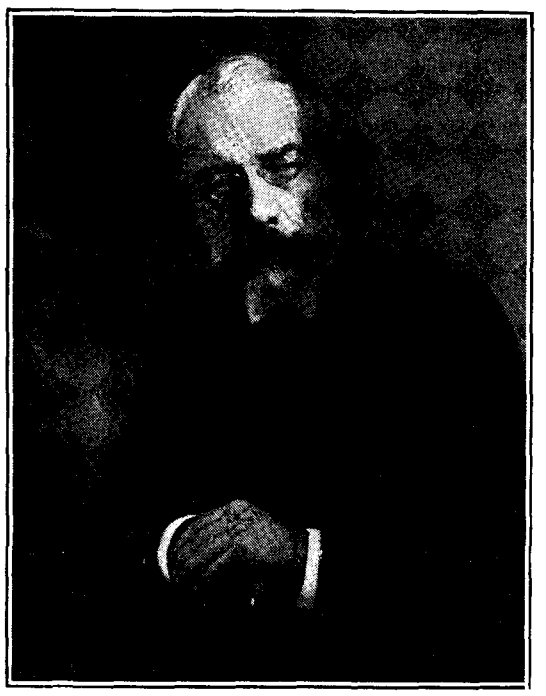
And yet, consider. At no time in our national existence has there been a period when the compulsions of religous hysteria were not everywhere altering our tastes and our art, dictating large portions of our legislation, influencing the shift of our exports and imports, altering the ideology that produces business and social life, changing our folkways, and exercising a powerful influence on the sum total of our behavior. And in that time there has never been a period when this same religious hysteria was not, deep down in the unconscious, forming the mould of America's future, the hideous welter of fears, manias, tics, and compulsions that precede, produce, and follow the attainment of grace. Our historians' preoccupation with legislatures, granges, experts, elections, and mass ideas has ignored the basic psychology that conditions them. The American past is, simply, unintelligible if it is viewed as the function of a theory, whether the theory of centralized power, the theory of conflict between seaboard and frontier, or the theory of conflict between debtor and creditor classes—to name only three of the formulas that have been sacred among the elms. I would not suggest that any single generalization can make it intelligible—only, if you view it as a function of revivalism it is far more nearly intelligible. Certainly, the present, the culmination of the past, may be accurately described by means of the idea, and the phenomena that condition the European concept of America and of the American character are, severally and together, phenomena induced by revivalism. But academic history has not heard of revivalism.

Obviously, to be the first to write the history of this disease is in itself a considerable distinction. But the value of Mr. Loud's book does not depend solely on its priority.

The first merit of the book is its inclusiveness. Before opening it I was quite sure that no one could construct even an outline in one volume. But from Jonathan Edwards to Aimee Macpherson and John Roach Straton, Mr. Loud has not only outlined his field but articulated its parts with a skill that cannot be overpraised. There is but one omission to be deplored: there is no treatment of religious mitosis, the process by which evangelical sects divide and redivide and war upon one another. That, however, is a specialists's technicality and may well await another book by Mr. Loud.

The next merit is the author's detachment. Had one of the aging intellectuals happened to write this book, it would have been done in a tone of fanatical denunciation that would have completely ruined its effect. Mr. Loud is tolerant almost to a fault, nor does he turn away his eyes from the obvious though reluctantly acknowledged virtues and benefits of revivals. It is indeed a disease and one of the most loathsome known to pathology; but, as the microorganisms of malarial fevers may be employed to destroy those of paresis, so the fevers of religion have certainly purged us of much villainy and degeneration. Patiently, with quiet insistence, Mr. Loud points out that this revivalist and that one were not ignorant witch-doctors bent on hell and profit but earnest and kindly men doing a great work. And no one familiar with the facts can dissent from more than one or two of his judgments. He, quite rightly, becomes sterner as he gets nearer the present, as the pure fervor gives way to organization, chicanery, and fraud. His treatment of today's charlatans is succinct and final.

Again, Mr. Loud does well to call attention to the place of music in the revivalistic machinery. His chapters on the gospel hymns are supported throughout by reference to the skilful use that was



BRANDER MATTHEWS
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made of them by this preacher and that one. He will find this part of his book reflected in histories and fiction yet to come, probably without acknowledgment.

And yet, excellent as "Evangelized America" is, I am not completely satisfied. I ignore the occasional irruption of journalese, which makes some pages read like the feature stories of a Hearst newspaper, and call attention to Mr. Loud's virtue of tolerance. There is room, in such a book, for a flat statement—for an analysis of the pathology of revivalism. And Mr. Loud fails to make it. Perhaps he would not be quite so sure of its effect on the American Revolution and the Civil War (though his ideas about the latter are hereby commended to Mr. Lewis Mumford and Mr. Thomas Beer), if such names as Leuba, Starbuck, Underhill, and Rufus Jones appeared on his bibliography. And, though I take an awed pleasure in finding there the first appearance in any bibliography of my novel about revivalism, if "The Chariot of Fire," why not "The Leatherwood God" and "The Circuit Rider"? A psychiatrist must, no doubt, be quite detached, in a moral sense, from a neurosis he is trying to understand, but, I think, it is essential for him to recognize that it is a neurosis. The failure to recognize that, the failure to realize that whatever the fruits of holiness attendant on revivalism it is essentially a pathological phenomenon fraught with incalculable danger to the individual and society, is, I think, a serious defect in the book. Mr. Loud quotes Timothy Cutler: "After him (Whitefield) came one Tennent, a monster! impudent and noisy, and told them all they were dam'd, dam'd, dam'd; this charmed them, and in the most dreadful winter I ever saw people wallowed in the snow night and day for the benefit of his beastly brayings, and many ended their days under these fatigues." The description is exact, and the implications are unavoidable, yesterday, today, and forever. A historian should make them.

"Evangelized America" is, however, a vital and extremely important book. Just how important one cannot say—except that no one can readily exaggerate its importance. A history of revivalism has at last been written. Now if someone will write an account of malaria and an estimate of its effect on the American character, our history will be on a more realistic basis than it has ever been before.

More of Pepys

FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE OF SAMUEL PEPYS. 1662-1679. Edited by J. R. TANNER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT
Harvard University

IF ever in the history of the world one man owed a debt of gratitude to another, Mr. Samuel Pepys owes one to Mr. J. B. Tanner. It may be urged by literary historians that his debt is greater to the Rev. Mr. Smith, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Neville, and Lord Braybrooks, to say nothing of Lord Grenville, to whose combined activities we owe the deciphering and publication of his Diary. Yet one may doubt whether Mr. Pepys would thank them as heartily for their labors as the world has acknowledged their services. On the other hand Mr. Tanner has rehabilitated the reputation of the great naval Secretary in precisely the field which Pepys would undoubtedly most have appreciated; and, as has been observed before, Mr. Pepys, of all men, would have preferred to be a dead lion rather than a living ass.

"The Further Correspondence of Samuel Pepys," which covers the period from 1662 to 1679, despite the adjective, fits in before the two volumes of Correspondence which Mr. Tanner published in 1926; for they had to do with the years 1679-1703. With this volume, then, we have, measurably, a complete picture of Pepys's correspondence, when taken in connection with the other material which Mr. Tanner has edited for the Navy Records Society, and has published elsewhere. To a student of the seventeenth century, to a lover of the Diary, these contributions will be invaluable; and though it will still be possible for men to write books about Samuel Pepys without, apparently, really knowing who and what he was—as some men have done, and not so long ago—there will, as a result of Mr. Tanner's labors, be still less excuse for that than ever. This will not deter such publication, but it may be hoped that in, say another century, it will, at least, be regarded as more disgraceful and will not receive the applause which still greets it from some who ought to know better.

The present collection of letters is drawn from a manuscript volume inaccurately labelled "Official Correspondence"; and it has the great importance of covering the period of the Diary, extracts from which, with Mr. Tanner's gift for proper editing, are placed at the head of each, thus providing virtually a connected narrative and adding greatly to the pleasure as well as the profit of the reader. It includes the interesting correspondence in regard to Pepys's candidacies for Parliament; it covers the period of the Dutch War; it reveals the future Secretary's methods in commending himself to his superiors—notably by his knowledge and his attention to duty; and it reveals still more clearly that extraordinary devotion to the affairs of the navy as well as the competence which was to make him what he became, "the greatest secretary of England's greatest service." And if it also reveals Mr. Pepys's care for his own affairs, it does not appear that he, like too many of his time, set them above the affairs of the service.

In brief, this volume offers the best commentary on and the best supplement to the Diary which has ever appeared. It will be invaluable to all who are, for any reason, even the most trivial, interested in the Diary or its author or his period; and again we, like Mr. Samuel Pepys, are indebted to the industry and the skill of Mr. Tanner for his extraordinary contribution to an interesting man and a no less interesting period, to whose elucidation Mr. Tanner has contributed so greatly and so gratefully.

Brander Matthews, who died last week after an illness of two years, was for two generations one of the leading teachers of literature and dramaturgy in the United States. Holding a professorship in Columbia University, he was at the same time a prolific writer, producing in addition to a large body of criticism, novels, stories, and plays. Above, on this page, we reproduce a recent likeness of the man.

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Unconventional Relations

THE INNOCENT VOYAGE. By RICHARD HUGHES. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

IN "The Innocent Voyage" we have one of those puzzling books that conform to no familiar type but rather confound our pigeonholing instinct with a unique combination of excellences. Richard Hughes is an unfamiliar name to most of us, in spite of the fact that in England he has written plays and short stories that have been very well thought of. But with this first novel, Mr. Hughes establishes himself as a story-teller, a mystic, and an ironist. How he is going to develop we cannot now tell. It is sufficient to note that in this glimpse of his talents we discover humor, wit, power, a taste for horror and fantasy, and a startling insight into the merits of childhood.

The reader who, unsuspecting, comes across "The Innocent Voyage" is first seduced by the appalling vividness of Mr. Hughes's descriptions of semi-tropical Jamaica—the heat, an earthquake (a minor one, it is true), and finally a hurricane. And then, gradually, almost imperceptibly, the group of white children who are later to make the far from "innocent" voyage come into the central foreground of the picture. Soon the reader realizes that Mr. Hughes is concerned with the relations of these children to their parents and to the general adult world; the particular relations in which he is interested are far from conventional. We shall not give away the precise implications that are drawn from his narrative of childhood under stress, but we will say that every mother and father of children from three to thirteen will be prodded and shocked by Mr. Hughes; that is, unless these parents are merely good unimaginative souls like the Bas-Thorntons.

After Mr. Hughes has got us thoroughly into the mood and indicated to us the purposes of the novel, we remain in a joyful, exuberant state of receptiveness. Many episodes are vastly entertaining; others are suddenly grim. Of these latter is the death of John. We doubt whether any other method of presentation could have been so shocking. And for sheer brutality the incident of the drunken monkey is unbeatable. When Mr. Hughes wishes us to laugh we laugh; definitely the evangelical preaching of Rachel on the deck of the pirate ship is hilarious comedy, and fundamentally comic (although a little melancholy) is the effort to stir the lion and the tiger to combat on the decks of the captured Dutchman.

No reader will be untouched by the novel's freshness and far-spreading vitality. No one can set it down without thinking some long, long thoughts. The last paragraph is the triumph that crowns the work, the concluding stroke that makes the design significant.

A Thesis Novel

THE DISINHERITED. By MILTON WALDMAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $2.

MANY citizens of the United States were genuinely surprised and grieved by the anti-Catholic sentiment that did so much to prevent the election of Al Smith to the Presidency. The energy of this decision to restrict the control of politics showed the existence of social forces that we can no longer ignore. Many of us wondered at the time of the election what would happen if a Jew were nominated for the Presidency. In all probability he would not be elected, and the reasons that would prevent his election would be essentially the reasons that defeated Al Smith. These considerations are brought to our mind by Mr. Waldman's novel, "The Disinherited," a study of the Jew in urban America.

"The Disinherited" is essentially a tract, though superficially a novel. Mr. Waldman is too much concerned with his thesis for the good of his narrative. It is to be feared that many readers will skip the frequent passages of discussion and attempt to follow the story, only to be left high and dry at the end. There is only a thin plot and almost no rising interest to hold the reader's attention. The book may possibly be commended as a discussion of a social problem, but it must be depreciated as a novel.

Walter Michaelson, the protagonist, two generations removed from immigrant Jewish ancestors, is an eminent lawyer in a Middle Western city. He is largely unconscious of his Jewish tradition (both he and his father having married Gentiles) until a coincidental series of circumstances forces him to associate with Jews almost to the exclusion of Gentiles. He becomes sensitive to his religious and racial inheritance, and his life develops into a battle between his former associations with the "best people" and his later, Jewish affiliations. After he is practically run out of town, he turns towards Palestine, where he hopes to find peace and a significant solution of his difficulties. The essence of the tragedy is that just as soon as the emphasis of his life becomes Jewish he finds himself a social outcast, no longer fit to be "our kind of folks." Mr. Waldman does not ask for our sympathy; in fact, this Michaelson is not an attractive character. The problem is stated, and left to us to contemplate.

Mr. Waldman's problem is much more important than his analysis of it. Someone with the energy and sonority of Sinclair Lewis would have to tackle the difficulty before it could loom as large as it should. In other words, in addition to having written a flimsy novel, Mr. Waldman is guilty of not having put his case as forcibly as it deserved to be put. In its important capacity of social commentary, the novel must inevitably deal at considerable length with the anomalies of our democracy. So long as the silent campaign against Catholic and Jew persists in a society where they are supposedly free and welcome, just so long is it the duty of the novel to portray and comment upon that campaign. Mr. Waldman has seriously and honestly set a question; by so much he has done well. But it remains for others to speak and be heard.

A Dark Epoch

THE SNAKE PIT. By SIGRID UNDSET. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

THIS novel is essentially a saga in form and treatment, a statement made clearer if one remembers that the sagas were vivid and colloquial accounts of nearly contemporary events in which character and background were quite subordinate to the swing of the narrative. So "The Snake Pit" is a narrative of events that in their vividness might have happened yesterday, told in a clear and fluent prose. And it is no accident that it has come from Sigrid Undset's pen. Her present eminence is the result of a long and rigorous training. Her first production was the translation of three short Icelandic sagas, translations admirable for their compact and excellent style. Very early she experimented with a saga of her own which she tried to expand with the modern novelist's methods of careful character analysis. It is a temptation to say that from this experiment she carried away the two ideas that made her later books successful: that in any historical novel the dialogue must be in the idiom of the author's day if he wishes the reader to feel the intensity of his tale, and that the background must be seen through the eyes of the characters and not be a painted drop carefully placed by the author for the enlightenment of his readers.

Her next subjects were taken from the streets of Oslo: vignettes, tales, and novels whose source lay in her probings in that strange and teeming city. When she turned to her first novel of the Middle Ages, she was admirably equipped to do justice to her theme with adequate scholarship, a method, and a knowledge of character. "Kristin Lavransdatter" is a trilogy concerned with the tragedy of a misunderstanding and misunderstood woman. These three novels are breath-taking in their convincingness; the life of them is but thinly glassed from the reader. The tangled threads of history, social custom, religion, and superstition are so woven into the fabric of the work that one hardly feels that this is a reproduction and not the accurate reporting of events actually seen. Bukdahl, the Danish critic, has perhaps said the sharpest and truest thing that could be said of Sigrid Undset when he pointed out that, in her attempt to gain actuality, she had made the characters too modern, and forgotten that the difference between the Middle Ages and this age was not a difference in humanity but a difference in tempo that she has failed to perceive.

Her next novel, "Master of Hestvick," is a step in advance, for in it the problem is one of the Middle Ages where the moral issue is drawn clearly and sharply. Not the Middle Ages of Henry Adams and his mystical France, however, but the harsh reality of Norway's last century of independence before she followed her kingly line to Denmark. Here is a heathen civilization that has been newly overlaid by Christianity, that has tamed a wild land and turned its energies inward on itself. Olav Audunsson kills the man who has seduced his betrothed and kills him secretly to save the name of his bride. He is left in a terrible quandary: to confess is to break down his proud family name and expose his wife to disgrace; to hide his guilt is to go contrary to the proud laws of his code and the doctrines of the Christian faith. He compromises, hesitates, and the shadows fall about him; the issue is terribly clear, but the solution is not. This second volume is well named "The Snake Pit."

The first two volumes of this new trilogy display to the full Sigrid Undset's powers, the first volume, with its sunshine and adolescent love, fluent, easy scenes that melt one into another, the wild, youthful slaying, the banishment of Olav and his return as a hard-bitten warrior; then the gray, ominous atmosphere of tragedy that overhangs the rest of the series. The style quickens and sharpens; grows hard and stripped. Here there are no colors save black and white. And the story moves slowly to its close with a kind of magnificence worthy of the best traditions. It is essentially the saga style brought up to date and modified to meet the interests of the age. It has the primary virtue of telling a story well and absorbingly, and it rings astoundingly true. Sigrid Undset has somehow recreated a dark epoch and given us an understanding of it.

Three Men of Action

BILL HAYWOOD'S BOOK. The Autobiography of WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD. New York: International Publishers. 1928. $3.50.

MY MYSTERY SHIPS. By REAR-ADMIRAL GORDON CAMPBELL. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928.

I WAS A BANDIT. By EDDIE GUERIN. The Crime Club. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

THE American revolutionist, the English Admiral, and the Anglo-American crook are revealed as blood-brothers in these three books. They were all men of direct action, of proved courage, and unusual intelligence and they all fought against huge odds for what they wanted. The essential difference between them was what they wanted. Bill Haywood wanted a new social order, Gordon Campbell wanted to sink some submarines, Eddie Guerin wanted money. Moreover, they all were good organizers. Bill Haywood organized the Western Federation of Miners and subsequently the I. W. W. In his latter years of exile in Soviet Russia he organized the great Kuzbaz industrial-agricultural venture. Gordon Campbell organized the game of decoying submarines and then sinking them, until it became a high art and he was called into the British Admiralty for other less hazardous jobs in which his brains could be used. After an apprenticeship in our American prisons, Eddie Guerin organized his crooks and robbed the bank at Lyons, France, and blew the safe of the American Express at Paris.

Each of these men were endowed with unusual intellectual resources and determination. All could stand manhandling and hardships to obtain their ends. Haywood was arrested again and again, tried on a variety of charges, sent to Leavenworth, and finally went off to Moscow, because his peculiar views on capitalistic society sent shoots of acute anguish through the hyper-sensitive "pocket-nerve" of the American people. Gordon Campbell could let his ship be shelled, torpedoed, and set afire and still bide his time until the occasion came to unmask, run up the White Ensign, and open fire on the U-boat. Eddie Guerin could serve sentence after sentence in the jails of America, France, and England, and still hope for the big coup which would give him plenty of easy money.

Of the three books, Haywood's is the most moving, Campbell's the most exciting, and Guerin's the most moral. Guerin had it rubbed into him, time and again, that crime does not pay. He never got a chance to spend the proceeds of his Lyons robbery; he gave his American Express money to a woman—Chicago Kate—who let him down and later tried to murder him. His greatest exploit was his escape from the prisons of French Guiana and his successful fight against extradition from England after that escape. He admits that he was a fool all his life and warns against crime as a profession.

Campbell had the engaging job of fighting in a

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good cause and under sporting conditions. In his three Q-Boats, the *Farnborough*, *Pargust*, and *Dunraven*, he lured the Germans into torpedoing him, and, with the coöperation of a splendid crew, managed to destroy three submarines and acquire the Victoria Cross. Out of all the bloody welter of sea-fighting in the World War his exploits stand as a beacon of courage, sportsmanship, and determination. He accepted the German submarine blockade at face value and met the Germans on their chosen ground, as it were. No one on either side of the war can begrudge him the laurels which he here generously and deservedly shares with his crew. If you want to read of heroism and self-sacrifice for a great national ideal, here is your chance.

If, however, you do not mind reading of courage and self-sacrifice for an international ideal of which you will probably not approve, you should read what Bill Haywood has to say. It is a pity that he says it with epithets, but when you read his story you wonder that he can be so restrained. Bill Haywood took American institutions at face value and tried to change them. It was his tragedy that he discovered that they had already been subverted in the interest of "law and order," which benefited the mine-owner, the rancher, and the industrialist and were by no means tender of the rights, Constitutional or otherwise, of the worker.

This one-eyed champion of the working class sprang from the bowels of the Western earth, at a time when it was a dark and bloody ground. Injunctions, deportations, "bull-pens," mobs, militia, "civic" committees and alliances, official lawlessness, and prejudice were all invoked against a movement which threatened the divine right of property. Like most radicals, Haywood placed an incongruous reliance upon the law which he sought to alter and upon the Constitution which he hoped to overthrow. It is the one psychological flaw in an otherwise dramatic career. He postulates his enmity towards society and then complains that society did not live up to its own rules in dealing with him. The famous Chicago trial of the I. W. W.'s before Judge Landis, which culminated in twenty-year sentences and a fine of nearly $2,500,000, is a case in point. Having postulated the corruption of the Courts and the prostitution of the law by "Capital," he is aggrieved when his own postulates seem to have been demonstrated.

Even so, though he has forfeited the right to complain, he has done good service to society in exposing, albeit in a highly partisan and emotional manner, its back-slidings from its own professions. When faced with a direct challenge to its institutions, if Haywood is to be believed (and his record is susceptible of proof), American society blithely set aside its fundamental institutions in order to deal with its critic. The Bisbee deportations and the Sedalia massacre are cases in point. And what are we to think of Haywood's own trial in Idaho, when its background consisted of the following circumstances?

> Here we were in murderers' row, in the penitentiary, arrested without warrant, extradited without warrant, and under the death watch! We had been kidnapped in the dead of night and did not know whether our lawyers were aware of our destination.

In dealing with Governors and militia generals who shouted "to Hell with the Constitution!" and "We'll give 'em Post Mortems!" what wonder that Haywood waxes vituperative? Although it was not his purpose, he has done the country which he repudiated good service in having set down the abuses and the terrorism to which American property resorts when it faces a foe. Of the three men—criminal, patriot, and revolutionist—Haywood stands out as a great portent and an idealist of a peculiarly virile sort. If his book reads a little more like Jack London's "The Iron Heel" and a little less like a tract on social dynamics, it is because "The Iron Heel" had substance in the days when he tilted against the windmills of American prosperity in the name of the workers who had helped make that prosperity possible and whom he felt were defrauded of their just share in the proceeds.

On the occasion of the millenary of Iceland as a State, and at the same time of its Parliament, the Althing, in June next years, an elaborate history of Iceland, in two volumes, with more than 100 illustrations, will appear in English, written by Dr. Jon Stefansson, Lecturer in Icelandic at King's College, London.

The BOWLING GREEN

INVITATION

IN the deep earth what random delver
Dares grip the iron-fingered host,
In the dark house with shot of silver
Who pinks the ghost,

Who smiles that bee-stung apples wrinkle
When, August ended, summer's lost,
And laughs to see October sprinkle
Her lawns with frost,

Who doffs to Death (which that resembles)
And hat in hand awaits his end,
Though gravely bowing never trembles,
Merrily mendicant,
Must be my confidant
As I his friend.

HUGH WESTERN.

The Folder

I DO not know who is Leane Zugsmith, who has written a sentimental novel ("All Victories Are Alike") about a columnist. I rather fear that her protagonist, Page Trent, is purely imaginary, for he is described as walking with "a long supple swing," his hat has a "Conquisitador twist," and is "pulled down over his lean, fierce face." He is probably lean and fierce because on his way home (says Leane Zugsmith) "to look over the unattractive pile of fiction he had been postponing," he sees people waiting for the bus:—

> "They stood there night after night . . . the braver among them doubtless wrote protesting letters to the newspapers, signing them *Pro Bono Publicum*."

I do not blame Mr. Trent for ending it all and going to Paris.

* * *

Nothing is ever so thrilling as a plain story of facts and figures. Here is one which came in the mail recently:—

> For the past eight years I have been in business with a partner at 217 West 104th Street, The Midget Cafeteria. We started in business with a small amount of capital—only $1300, but we managed to get along and made money until about three years ago, when a larger cafeteria opened in a new hotel fifty feet west of us, and took part of our trade, and being a better looking place than ours, and just off Broadway, gets the majority of the new people coming into the neighborhood.
>
> Eighteen months ago my partner was so discouraged she was willing to sell the place for anything we could get for it; I would not agree to this; so I purchased her interest for $1,000, paying her $200 in cash, and agreeing to let her have the receipts from the meals which four of her personal friends ate with us. These have now amounted to more than $700, so I owe her less than $100 of the thousand dollars I agreed to pay for her interest. During this time I have also paid her $600 which she loaned to keep the place going several months before I purchased her interest.
>
> Last spring the Cafeteria was looking very much run down, as it had not been painted for two years. Everyone said it would improve business (and it has) to have the place painted and new electric fixtures put in. In order to do this and to pay the premium on my Compensation Insurance (which was almost $100) it was necessary for me to place a mortgage on the place for $750. Aside from that trouble, during the past twelve months I have had the gas shut off, the electric light turned off, the telephone "temporarily disconnected," have had visits from two City Marshals, have been snubbed by two personal friends to whom I owe money, and now have four accounts in the hands of attorneys, aggregating $300. But still I am fighting.
>
> The Cafeteria is now running about $30 a week ahead of expenses, but I am constantly pressed by creditors, and it is utterly impossible for me to meet these demands, and to pay the interest on the mortgage and the interest on borrowed money, and to pay all my daily expenses out of the daily receipts.
>
> I want to know if you will purchase one or more of the enclosed tickets for five dollars each. If you do not know anyone living in this vicinity to whom you would like to give the ticket, and you do not wish to use it yourself, why not send it to Mr. N. M. McKnight, Secretary of Appointments, Earl Hall, Columbia University, for him to give to some young man or woman working his or her way through college. (The Appointments Office is the department maintained by the University, where all students seeking employment to assist them in paying their way through college go to apply for part-time work.) Or, you might send the ticket to the Director of the National Academy of Design at 109th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. We have had a number of students from this school eat with us at different times, and I know many of them would be grateful for this assistance.
>
> The reason I have no money to carry me through this terrible time is because four years ago I started a place at 33rd Street, opposite the Pennsylvania Hotel, near Seventh Avenue, where I lost almost seven thousand dollars. Three months after I opened the place on 33rd Street I had a severe illness which kept me in the Hospital for three weeks, and away from business eight weeks. After I went back and the place was constantly increasing in business, Childs started to tear down the building at 33rd Street and Seventh Avenue, put up scaffolding, and a pumping station for excavating directly in front of my window which shut my place off completely from being seen across the street, and greatly reduced traffic on the side of the street where I was.
>
> After a struggle of 17 months, I had to give up the place on 33rd Street, although twelve customers more a day would have been sufficient to cover expenses. I would not have had to give up the place on 33rd Street anyway, if the $40 a week I drew from The Midget Cafeteria had not been stopped by the opening of this new cafeteria on 104th Street, just 50 feet west of us.
>
> While I was trying to make a success of the place on 33rd Street, I borrowed money from all my personal friends (none of whom are persons of means), and I cannot go to them again because I have only been able to return a small part of this borrowed money.
>
> I feel I must hold on to the Midget Cafeteria. It is my only salvation.
>
> Before going into the Cafeteria business I was a stenographer earning $150 a month. My friends all thought I was foolish to give up my position (and now I know I was), but I always wanted a business of my own, and this business is about the only one I could earn and save sufficient money to start, and I have always felt that my mission on earth was to feed people.
>
> It would be difficult for me to obtain another good position after being away from stenographic work for nine years, and alas! there is the constantly increasing cry for young people in all lines of work, and I am a woman 55 years old, working fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, on the verge of desperation, trying to retrieve the savings of a lifetime.

* * *

The Bowling Green once suggested that one test of a good parson was that he should preach a sermon on Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself." D. Elton Trueblood, a Quaker minister of Guilford, N. C., has risen to the suggestion and sent us a very agreeable discourse he has written on the spiritual affinity between Walt and the Quaker mystics. Of Whitman and George Fox, Mr. Trueblood says:—

> Superficially their differences were great, since the one gave the impression of being devoutly religious, while the other gave the impression of being devoutly irreligious, but this very distinction reveals a deep underlying similarity; they were both devout.

* * *

Guy Innes writes from London:—

> You recall C. E. Montague's Irishman in "Fiery Particles" who was born below par to the extent of two whiskies. He requires two whiskies, no more no less, for his mind to rise to its natural stature.
>
> Now, it will be within your mind that the name of that Irishman was Brennan.
>
> Years ago, before the War—and long before "Fiery Particles" was written—I was lying on a sunny beach in Southern Australia (Lorne, Victoria, to be precise) with an Irish-Australian friend. His name was Brennan. Suddenly he pulled his hat off his eyes, sat up, and observed, "Guy, have you ever noticed that every nice girl is in a normal state of having had two whiskies?"
>
> That, sir, is a coincidence of which I intended to tell C. E. M. before I knew that he was to die. I have no theory to fit it, unless it be that this idea of (let's reduce it to a formula)
>
> Man + Whiskey × 2 = Normality
>
> is an article of faith with the Brennan family, wherever they be by land or sea.

* * *

I do not usually find time to read carefully the rather copious bulletins of the National Education Association, but I was caught by a diagram in one of their recent pamphlets. It illustrates the ratio between money spent on the public schools and on passenger automobiles in the various States. It is interesting to note that at its highest the school budget is considerably less than one-third the cost of motor cars. Wyoming stands highest in the list: there the expenditure on schools is 28.94% of the expenditure on cars. Georgia, Kentucky and Vermont are lowest (all about 13%). New York State is 19.14%.

Again I must be candid and say I do not know whether or not this is a Comment on Civilization. I dare say that many children, especially in mountain states, might not be able to get to school at all if they didn't have a lift.

* * *

"Yes," said the cheerful bootlegger, "This is positively Pre-War stuff . . . if we have another War."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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"Sez 'E" or "Thinks 'E"

AS the girls crowd in or out of the factory gate, you may hear the loud hum of the novelist's art in full play. One girl is relating aloud to a friend:

" 'Well,' sez 'e, 'you come along o' me, or stop where y'are. Please yerself.' And so she gev it 'im straight. 'It's all off,' she sez, 'an' I'm goin' straight 'ome.' "

That girl, you see, keeps close to drama. Her novel just gives you each character's most expressive speeches. Therein it resembles "The Awkward Age" of Henry James, whom no factory girl could surpass in the nicety of his care to tell a story the right way.

But hear how another girl treats a similar theme. (There are said to be only eight quite different themes for a story in the whole world; so similarities often occur.)

" 'E thinks to 'imself," says this girl; "we'd better know right off, 'e thinks, who's master 'ere. An' so 'e give 'er the office a bit stiff. Well, thinks she, ain't I to 'ave my bit o' pride, same as 'im? An' so she let 'im 'ave a fair nose-ender."

This girl is a little sister of Dickens and of Tolstoy. She goes "behind" her characters *ad lib.* She assumes omniscience about their private thoughts. Her technique is that of R. L. Stevenson in "Providence and the Guitar," where someone or other is so often "thinking" this, "reflecting" that, or thinking something "in his heart" while saying something else.

But listen to a third girl's way of going to work on the tale:

"So don't arsk me what 'appened. I'm only sayin' wot our 'Liza tol' me. Somethink orful, 'Liza sez it were. 'Im orf the deep end, wantin' to ply lor' an' master to the gel, 's if they were married an' all; an' 'er as bad as 'im, the cat, 'oppin' it orf 'ome that stuffy an' contemstuus you'd think blokes like 'im was sold 'orf barrers, three for tuppence."

In this girl the sovereign instinct of Conrad, as technician, is manifestly present. Neither to give the story as drama, a succession of speeches and counter-speeches by the chief characters, nor to give it as a narrative related by the author with an assumption of knowledge of everything that has gone on in the characters' inmost hearts, but to give the story out to some other character to tell, to throw the responsibility for its truth and interest upon this other person—that is the third girl's impulse. 'Liza is her Marlow. Her heart tells her, as Henry James's told him, that if she gives the story simply and wholly as it struck 'Liza, "the terms of this person's access to it and estimate of it contribute by some fine little law to intensification of interest."

* * *

Which, then, is the best of these ways of going about it, where all three are at your disposal?

You have to think first of the greatest, the most persistent risk that has always attended all spinning of yarns. People may disbelieve you. When Mr. Kipling's Ung drew the mammoth and the aurochs with a certain measure of confidence, the Neolithic public hummed and hawed over the drawings: "Yea, they are like—and it may be—but how does the picture-man know?" How does the novel-man know? The nasty question is ever ready to arise in the novel-reader's mind, if for a moment your hold on his imagination slackens. Is the novel-man a god, that he should be able to patter away like this about all that is going on below the inscrutable depths of the heroine's violet eyes, or behind that slighter screen, the hero's sun-gilded moustache? Perhaps he may not ask the question consciously and articulately. Perhaps he merely loses interest and puts the book down. But why has he lost interest? Because he has ceased to feel that quasi belief which is illusion, and which carries gentle and simple through novels and plays in a state of beatitude—"taken," as they sometimes call it, "out of themselves."

Many novelists seem to have set out on the road with no fear, at first, of having any such awkward question to meet. A few of them, we may guess, never met it. Being natural spellbinders of the first order, they can give us, anyhow, such strong medicines to make us love them, that the question never rises in the reader, however recklessly and even insolently the writer provokes it. Dickens is like that: Dickens, in the strength of his enormous enjoyment and humaneness, can carry off anything. He can bluff through anything. He is like one of those marvellous constitutions that can defy all common rules of health. But their happy fate does not prove that everyone else who sets out to tweak Æsculapius's nose will come off unscathed, nor is Dickens's magnificently artless art a thing to be lightly copied by any of us common, squat people.

Thackeray tried, at the start, the free-and-easy plan of the second factory girl. He poked into the mind of every character of his, just as he liked. Afterwards, Thackeray would appear to have grown more nervous. He made for that first and most crowded place of refuge for embarrassed novelists, the autobiographic manner. In "Esmond" he relinquished almost altogether the questionable advantage of freedom to "go behind" his characters in general, having now acquired lawful and unlimited access to the mind of the all-important Colonel. Everything revealed to us in the story was now accountable; revelation was rationalized; it was rendered credible by the authority of an informant figuring inside the book itself, and therefore more real to a reader's mind than any mere impersonal, abstract author. In Mr. Percy Lubbock's convenient terminology, Thackeray had now "got the point of view into the book"; he had dramatized the seeing eye; he had made objective "the mind that knew the whole story," instead of leaving it somewhere outside, as it is outside "Vanity Fair." The picture on the screen had somehow swallowed up, and retained in its system, the man with the big lantern in the dress circle. The mysteriously all-knowing—and therefore questionable—operator had disappeared into the inside of his own handiwork.

* * *

Short of that, the neat craftsman has means of qualifying or abating his own perilous air of arrant omniscience. Much of it can, as people say, be "blamed off on to" one or another of his characters without actual recourse to the first person singular. Not to "go behind" his characters at large, but to "go behind" one of them with a will, and first of all to make him well worth going behind—this was the darling device of that sage Ulysses among literary technicians, Henry James. He liked a story of his to come to the reader, not as it had struck him, the unknown, the abstract, and impersonal Henry James, but as it struck some actor in the story itself, someone who might himself, by vivid description, be made real to the reader.

So James took pains to put into the story some character, major or minor, who had a rich gift of social perception, a passion for making people out and getting clear about the working of their minds. This agent in the affair was to keep a kind of informal register of the successive states of other characters in the story; he was to divine their thoughts, to make fascinating guesses about what no one could really know. And, to equip him for the delicate office, he was to have "a consciousness highly susceptible of registration." Over his shoulder, as it were, we were to see the register, "the terms of this persons's access to it, and estimate of it, contributing, by some fine little law, to intensification of interest."

Though no one, that we know of, had so much about it before, this dodge is a good deal older than James. Among dramatists it is an ancient habit to bring in subsidiary characters, a kind of "tweenies" or odd men, with little else to do in the play but to say how one or more of its chief characters strike them. Cayley Drummle, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has it for his main job to size up the pretty plight of Tanqueray and his wife, and to speculate plausibly about things which they cannot very well say. The younger Dumas kept a large staff of such characters. The Greek dramatists made use of their Chorus for much the same purpose. Shakespeare in his earlier work used the Cayley Drummle method freely. Mercutio is by way of being a Cayley Drummle to "Romeo and Juliet"; later, he got the work, or its equivalent, done, under cover of irony, by instruments so unlikely to raise suspicion as the Fool in "King Lear." In Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife" an item of this work of "registration" may perhaps be said to be done by the trade-union official and the company's secretary in certain little interchanges of personal remarks.

A subtler way is not to assign the work to any one or two characters in a novel or play, but to parcel it out among the whole company; also, to make them discharge the function not through set speeches of comment and reflection, but by a sort of enhanced sensitiveness all round: means are taken to raise the pitch of moral perspicacity all round; you are led to feel that its characters look strangely and excitingly clear to one another, or that, if not clear, they at any rate pique and fascinate one another with the quality of their mystery, so that they are infectiously intent on making one another out. Thus in Synge's tragedies and harsh comedies the characters are all, in their several ways, intensely aware of one another; they all have their feelers out, such as they are, and so, for the spectators, the air begins to tingle with a communicative quickness. The "registration" business hums.

* * *

At any rate, so one may think. And yet, in the thick of these critical speculations, it is agreeable to remember, now and then, how much admirable fiction has been produced in this world, in almost complete unconsciousness of any obligation to weigh any such consideration. I think now of those two sparkling examples of the art that are embedded in "The Vicar of Wakefield." "All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or may not be true; but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swound, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

No doubt one may diagnose, in the authoress's opening words, some trace of any uneasy sense of a shortage of authentication for the narrative. That uneasiness is quite in Thackeray's middle manner, and in the only manner of Trollope. Possibly a similar embarrassment leaves its mark upon Lady Blarney's technique, on the same occasion. "The Duchess," she precludes, "never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing from me." Still, she goes on roundly "This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his *valet de chambre*, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.' "

Here you certainly see, at any rate, the perpetual preoccupation of the author of fiction with the desire to be taken seriously as a witness and to produce a sound working illusion of veracity. But, on the whole, both ladies brazen it out with a high hand, as was the custom of authors in the golden and careless childhood of the art of fiction. In all this "I can assure you" and "you may depend" they are trying how far the "mere muffled majesty," as Henry James calls it, "of irresponsible authorship" will go down with their public. Neither authoress, apparently, has considered how much might be done, as James says, to "enrich the business by the way"—shall we say, by enduing Sir Tomkyn or Jernigan with "a consciousness highly susceptible of registration," and then giving us no mere impersonal report of the swoon scene, and of the triple call for the garters at morn, but the special impact of these phenomena upon those picked registrars.

How contrary to their practice is that of Mr. Kipling, and, still more, of Conrad! Neither is he always content to put his story through a single sieve, as it were, to give it as from the lips of one character who is himself a figure in the tale. Their charming jellies and soups have been strained twice over. To do the marvels he does in his "Incarnations of Krishna Mulvaney," Mr. Kipling first lets us have the whole affair through the mouth of A., a minor figure who is seen dimly, just inside the edge of the story. Then he lets us have the gist of the story through the mouth of B., a more cardinal character, who is represented as telling it to A. So what we get is Mr. Kipling's account of A.'s impression of the facts—an expressed sense of a sense of something in life. And in this the story-teller's

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by C. E. Montague

trade is far indeed from its primitive old marketing of such bald reports as Lady Blarney's brazen affidavit touching the garters.

There is no denying, so far as I see, that the resultant effect of veracity is worth the trouble taken. People used to take as a jest an old pantomime song:

> The captain told the cook,
> the cook told the crew,
> The crew told me, so the
> story *must* be true.

But, applied to the art of fiction, it seems to express a deep truth—that hearsay evidence is the best; and hearsay evidence two-deep, the fact at two removes, may be best of all. Out of the mouth of two or three witnesses, one behind the other, and passing on his evidence, is the truth, in this odd art, best established. They say that sherry ought to live for a while in an old brandy-cask, so as to contract a certain convincing quality from the cask's genial timbers. Perhaps the most convincing sherries of all have lived in two successive casks, or in more. Certainly some fiction would seem to have extracted a new increment of validity from each human vessel that has apparently contained it on its way to the customer. Unlike many of the middlemen of commerce, these medial agents take nothing away from that which goes through their hands: they only add to it—humaneness, refinement, harmonics, second intentions, all sorts of good things. A high sense of their value may have set Conrad multiplying narrator behind narrator as he does, narrative within narrative, till you feel as if you were going into one of those little nests of many delicate boxes, one inside the other, which make a child wonder will he ever reach the chocolate cream at their core. The heart of the tale appears like the fourth-hand turf tip of the music-hall song:

> "I know a bloke wot knows a cove
> As 'ad it from a man,
> Wot saw a party wot told 'im
> 'E'll win it if 'e can."

And yet it all comes out, in Conrad, wonderfully right and overpoweringly simple and true, as if every extra temperament through which he had passed the story filtered it to a purer perfection.

And yet, again, just look at Jane Austen. Look at Fielding, at Scott, at Balzac. How little they seem to have thought about any of these mighty precautions and provisions for wayside enrichment. They "went behind" whosoever they liked. They wrote as if they were the supernaturally trusted confidants of every one of their characters, good or bad. They seem to have cared as little about attaining the higher plausibility as the Homer of Godley did about writing the best Greek!

> Poluphloisboisterous Homer of old,
> Threw all his augments into the sea.
> Although he had often been courteously told,
> That perfect imperfects begin with an e.
> The poet replied with a dignified air,
> "What the digamma need anyone care?"

If those great ones, living when they did, were good enough to be classics, would a novelist of equal genius, who wrote now, be also good enough though he played the technical game as naïvely as they did? If Shakespeare's advent had been deferred till now, would he have ever brought the chief character of one of his plays on to the stage to tell the audience in confidence, just after the rise of the curtain, "I am determined to prove a villain?" No pat and confident answer rises to my lips. Genius, no doubt, has to live, with a will, the life of its own epoch: he who, like William Morris, attempts to live in the lost childhood of the world, always carries about him something of its dead coldness. One cannot quite imagine a Shakespeare of our days confining himself to the Elizabethan syntax and vocabulary. Would he, like a modern dramatist, discard the "aside" and the soliloquy too?

But then, again, is it certain that all this novel and intensely exacting technique evolved for the novel by the critical genius of a few middle-nineteenth century Frenchmen and of Henry James is really imperative? Or is there some bigger truth that they have not got hold of?—does it arise from something still unexplored, in the very nature of narrative fiction, that its richest and strongest practitioners should look like very standard-bearers of the cause of technical looseness? In some moods one may find oneself thinking that the curious state of absorption and semi-belief (never literal belief) which we call illusion in a reader's mind, may be actually favored by a certain easy-going way of the writer's, an unguarded-looking habit, an unprofessional-seeming lack of technical apparatus.

Of course such doubts are flat heresy in the view of a whole school of intelligent and eager critics. They are so well equipped, and they feel so sure, that it seems almost like disobeying one's own conscience to fall short of complete and final agreement with them. Still, what can you do? Sceptical protestings will come. "Conscience says, 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend," and puts into your heart a fundamental and comprehensive misgiving like Harriet Martineau's occasional suspicion that the rising science of political economy was "all a mistake." What if the old slovens, the Thackerays, and Hugos, and Tolstoys, were really the practical men, after all, and knew what they were doing in all their ramblings and loquacities, as a crafty envoy does his country's business by dint of flirting and conviviality?

"What is truth?" "What know I?" Many admirable persons have a way of finding in every discussable question, of literary criticism as well as of conduct, a choice of Hercules, at any rate a choice of A. H. Clough, between "truth and falsehood," "the good and evil side." Yet the bearing of Montaigne and that of the far from jesting Pilate may sometimes be about as far as some of us can go without humbug.

The foregoing essay is the third by C. E. Montague to be printed by THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE *since his death last Spring. With his decease passed one of the finest spirits of contemporary English letters, a journalist of force and ideals, and a novelist of growing power. He was a director and constant contributor to the* Manchester *Guardian, and served in the army from* 1915 *to* 1919. *Among his published works are "A Hind Let Loose," "Fiery Particles," "The Right Place," "Rough Justice," and "Right Off the Map"* (*Doubleday, Doran*).

A Record of 1927

THE WAY THE WORLD IS GOING. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1929. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

WITH few exceptions, the chapters in this volume appeared as syndicated articles, during 1927, in the British and American press. Some of them deal with ephemeral or "newsy" topics: a German film, experiments with dreaming, the English coal-strike, tilts with Lord Birkenhead and G. B. S. This kind of thing warrants Wells's formal assumption of the term "Journalist" as best describing his literary activity. I find a sprightly controversial manner and an increase in effective irony.

There are also further developments of familiar and more general themes. That man, both soul and body, is still "in the making." That our period is an age of swift transition and life will soon be very different. That catastrophe will overtake our grandchildren, if we allow any more insensate wars or preparations for them. We must seek peace *and pursue it.*

The bulk of these articles may be focused around three central luminous points. New light is shed, first on Wells's conception of art, particularly the art of fiction; on his doubts concerning democracy; on his understanding of civilization in England and in America, with special reference to the relations between the two countries.

He told his audience at the Sorbonne that, as a journalist, he accepts the transitory nature of art and letters too. We pass, you pass, they pass. "Every thing flows on," was the motto of "William Clissold." But where a ministrant to beauty believes that art alone endures, Wells the ephemeralist, will allow no exceptions. Artist and poet perform their deeds through and for their own generation principally. Soon they are all swept "into one living mortality as journalism in the widest sense." Sceptics may inquire whether Keats was prominent for his views on birth-control or whether Raphael reveals simply "humanity's impression of the present."

All this means that the novel particularly should turn to "creative propaganda" for the new order of things. The arts should comport a "quasi-religious attitude to world affairs." Even ardent internationalists may admit here a contamination of genres. Good observers have noted that neither under Fascist nor under Soviet direction is great pictorial art developing. Wells naturally is strong for Dreiser and Upton Sinclair; as propagandists they are in the forefront of American fiction. Is this a sign that Wells himself may be lacking in that critical faculty whose absence in the American psychology he so deplores? Is it an indication that he who wrote of the Mind of the Race yet wears blinders before the "long hope" of the artistic mind?

The fact is that Wells has become an Absolutist. He seizes arbitrarily the various overlapping zones of human endeavor. He arranges them as concentric circles, with the bull's eye of Progress in the center. This fine faith makes him steer in some directions aloof from reality. But it remains a working faith, and here are some of the less debatable articles in its creed.

There is more joy and health, more comfort and promise among us than ever before. The laborer has leisure, the "hopeless drudge" has almost disappeared. Social cruelty has been replaced by social kindness. Not only has the average life-span been much extended, but it is better filled. *Homo sapiens* is becoming more sapient; so is his lady.

Yet there is no "guarantee in progress" unless we create it. The common sense of the majority is not to be relied upon. In his significant lecture at the Sorbonne, "Democracy Under Revision," Wells explained his doubts about Parliamentary government. A reorganization is needed to handle effectively the great questions of peace and unity. The trouble with egalitarian democracy is that it leans too much on the common man, ignorant or indifferent. Wells's faith is now in the younger generation, in those who uphold the Kuomintang, Fascism, or even the Soviets. Their causes may be wrong, their zeal is profoundly right. But what if they choose the wrong cause again?

Wells is not over-partial to our country; certain experiences during his last visit were probably disheartening. While recognizing our unparalleled social vigor, he refuses to consider us "a Holy People." Our superiority, to be sure, ranges from "films and flivvers" to "Bunker Hill and bathtubs." Western Democracy, we gather, is a cranky flivver, with a loud, but ineffectual engine. The American eagle evolves into an "isolated ostrich," who can't bear criticism.

Yet England and America, with all their faults, are the only crutches for tottering civilization. Wells is proud to be an Englishman, even a British Imperialist of the less selfish kind. "The British Empire is not a thing to destroy; it is a thing to rescue." He boldly proposes certain drastic remedies for an ailing and suspicious world. There should be a federal super-government, with power to enforce its decisions. We must have less of that absurdity: "Our country, right or wrong." We must feel in our bones the increasing frightfulness of war. We must recognize that peace is *against* nature, as it is against a chauvinistic patriotism. To espouse this cause may well mean persecution by the entrenched interests and by the "salutable minority" (almost any daily paper will prove that point). So a genuine movement for world peace will not be a pink tea affair; it must be "a revolutionary movement in politics, finance, industrialism, and the daily life alike."

There can be no doubt about the earnestness, the glow, the general rightness of his message. The doubt is concerning its reception and our will to take the long road. "We too live and pass," concludes Wells, "reflecting for our moment, and in the measure of our capacity, the light and wonder of the Eternal."

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Books of Special Interest

Mary Todd Lincoln

MARY, WIFE OF LINCOLN. By KATHERINE HELM. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by L. E. ROBINSON

LINCOLN'S biographers have necessarily considered the personality of his wife, though seldom with sympathetic phrase. The reports of her life, including that of the unfinished Beveridge "Lincoln," have rested primarily upon testimony so insufficient that, to attempt a life of Lincoln himself upon similarly restricted evidence would get us nowhere. Biographers have very naturally lavished their interest upon Mr. Lincoln; quite as naturally they have been far less concerned to hunt down the evidence needed for a trustworthy estimate of her life and character. Material useful for a biography of Mrs. Lincoln, in addition to what we already have, may lie among the ten thousand or more letters and papers which Robert Todd Lincoln deposited a few years ago in the Library of Congress, with the stipulation that they should not be inspected until 1947.

A contribution of some value to an understanding of Mrs. Lincoln has been made by her niece, Katherine Helm, in her "Mary, Wife of Lincoln." Miss Helm is the daughter of Emilie Todd Helm, a half-sister to Mrs. Lincoln. Emilie Helm, eighteen years younger than Mrs. Lincoln, after the death of her husband, a Confederate general, at Chickamauga, lived for a time with the Lincolns at the White House. Miss Helm bases her account upon family traditions, her mother's reminiscences and wartime diary, and upon previously unpublished letters and telegrams written by Mrs. Lincoln and her husband, by Robert Todd Lincoln, and others.

Much of Miss Helm's story is unauthenticated. Her portrayal of Mary Todd's earlier years at Lexington, Kentucky, as well as of her life as the wife of Mr. Lincoln, is told with the flow and conversational detail of a charming fictional narrative. The reminiscences are too fully and confidently presented to be unsupported by footnotes or other means of identification. There are, of course, references to historical events which the informed reader will know to be accurate or may easily verify. There is a great deal that contradicts the point of view with which Lincoln biographers, following the Herndon tradition, interpret Mrs. Lincoln. There is denial, for example, of the much-debated episode of Lincoln's frustration of his appointed marriage with Miss Todd on January first, 1841. Miss Helm's explanation of Lincoln's deep melancholy makes Miss Todd's flirtation with Stephen A. Douglas the heart of the trouble together with Lincoln's sense of his inability to provide for a wife who had been a "petted and fêted society girl," who had been accustomed in her father's home to "floors waxed and polished like mirrors."

Miss Helm's narrative intimates nothing of what Herndon referred to as "the tempestuous chapters" of Lincoln's married life. There were no outbursts of violent temper and no "broomstick" effervescences to disturb the family régime of plain living and high thinking. It is admitted that Mary Lincoln had once been an "incorrigible flirt"; she continued to be passionately fond of beautiful clothes and was her own seamstress; she was full of fun and an airy badinage puzzling "to a dull-witted person"; she had "a keen, almost uncanny, insight into the motives of men"; she distrusted Herndon's friendship for her husband; she was a painstaking and economical housekeeper, and carefully looked after Mr. Lincoln's health; she worshipped him, and both idolized their children; she read books for Lincoln, who so far respected her judgment that he "took no important step without consulting her."

There is a good deal of solid evidence of Mary and Abraham Lincoln's mutual love; the testimony of Whitney is as valid as anyone's on that point, and Mrs. Lincoln's letters, reproduced in Miss Helm's pages, cannot be jauntily disregarded. They are intelligent and sincere; they reveal in Mary Todd Lincoln nothing acidulous after tragic disappointments, but a woman of fine sensibilities and taste, with devotion and affection for her husband and her children.

Miss Helm's account of Mrs. Lincoln's last years is historical material. There was much experience in the White House to sadden the life and break the spirit of this high-spirited woman. She possessed a native pride and self-dependence with which to confront the social and personal occasions for grief. From all we know of her to date, she had been impulsive and decisive—deficient in tact and patience; her husband, in spite of his powers of heart and mind, never threw off the infection of pioneerism and apparently made no special point of cultivating "those little links" of punctilio which were as significant for one Mary as for another.

But what of it? Miss Helm's well-written book contains at least enough source material to throw a ray of real light upon some of the moot questions that have lingered perplexingly about the personality of the quick-witted and sagacious Mary Todd Lincoln, who loved her Lincoln and from first to last believed in his greatness.

Provincial Society

NOTHING IS SACRED. By JOSEPHINE HERBST. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD T. BOOTH

IT is certainly not the intention of the author of this book to make an indictment of the American middle classes. That sort of thing is not done any more, of course. The provincial society she writes about has been grilled so thoroughly in the past ten years that only the most ingenuous readers can any longer inflate a feeling of superiority by attending processes against the business people of our small towns and cities. If the author were to write another novel about the social group that we may presume she lives in or any other she knows, we can be sure that her penetration and her complete "objectivity" would give us a similar report. There is none of the complacency of the "intellectual" joiner in her book, none of the familiar *snobisme* of those who have reached violently from the society she writes about.

Comparisons with the work of Ernest Hemingway are inescapable in this connection. If Josephine Herbst, for instance, had written "The Sun Also Rises," she would have pressed out of it all sentimentalizing and irony about "the lost generation." She would have cleared her mind altogether of the pathos that Hemingway, for the life of him, cannot help giving in to as he writes of the exasperated hedonists of the neo-romantic world he knows best.

"Nothing Is Sacred But Money" is the full title of the book, really, and let no one read into it any sentimental connotation, any note of romantic rebellion against the cash nexus. "Can I talk to you a minute?" says Harry Norland to his mother-in-law in the opening paragraph, and when his secret is out, the motivation of the novel is revealed in both negative and positive aspects. This bumptious joiner, who has stolen money from his lodge and knows that family pride will protect him from the consequences of the only unpardonable sin in a mercantile civilization, is the nucleus of the social malignancy that Josephine Herbst exhibits thereafter with perfect composure. In him and about him are all the steady dull aches and the paroxysms of pain experienced by the common garden or rotarian hedonists of our time. Their wretchedness is viewed steadily in the interrelation of pride and money-getting, and quite without "pity and irony."

When you died, they buried you, money was always found for the undertaker. If you stole, they scraped up enough to keep you from the pen. But to save your happiness, that was something no one understood as an emergency.

I am going to refuse to read into the last sentence, spoken by one of them, any special pleading on the part of the author for the exceptional couple of the novel who resist the unintermittent social suggestion that money is the chief good. For they posit another value and are as shamefully harassed and duped by it as any of the pluggers or go-getters. "They believe in love," as the saying is, and in "the free life," and you may see how their belief serves their interrelation of vanity with this other cardinal illusion.

But moralizing at the expense of a book which is quite without moralizing intent calls for an apology from the reviewer. By way of apology let the moralizing serve to throw into relief the chief merits of the novel, in which there is nothing of the sort. Not even a line of interpretive reporting, not a hint of emotional coloring. In "Nothing Is Sacred" the attitude of hardness and even-mindedness in the face of what we know to be the conditions of life in our time, or of any time, for that matter, have crystallized without a flaw.

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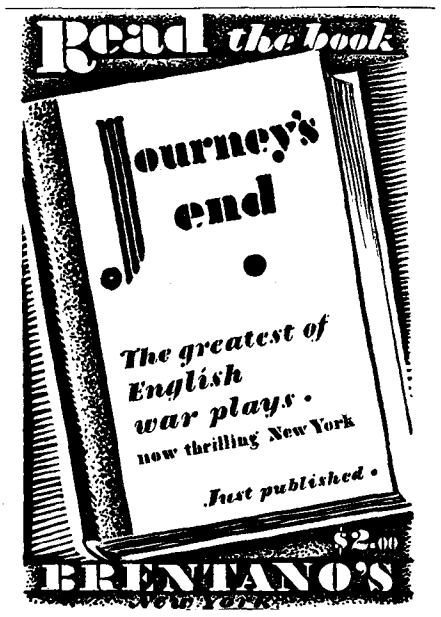

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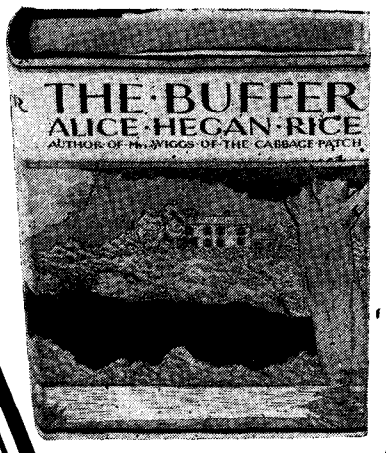

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Books of Special Interest

A Sheaf of Poetry

THE CRY OF TIME. By HAZEL HALL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929. $2.

WILD GARDEN. By BLISS CARMAN. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $2.

THIS MAN'S ARMY. By JOHN ALLEN WYETH. New York: Harold Vinal. 1929. $1.50.

THE GOLDEN ROOM. By WILFRID GIBSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929. $2.50.

HOBNAILS IN EDEN. By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1929. $2.

NOAH'S DOVE. By LAURA BENÉT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by EDA LOU WALTON

ALL six of these volumes are, in one way or another, concerned with Time. "This Man's Army" is a belated war book. "Wild Garden" is late-flowering from the pen of Bliss Carman. "The Golden Room," by the English poet, Wilfrid Gibson, is also a book of maturity, of an eye cast backward upon youth almost forgotten. In "Hobnails in Eden" Mr. Schauffler cries for the time when Nature is man's element, and that time, too, is really of the past except for summer vacationing. Laura Benét's lyrical touchstones alone are those of youth and of a very youthful fancy. Hazel Hall's posthumous volume is the singing of a wise and gentle voice now hushed in death.

"This Man's Army," a series of "odd" sonnets, lacks, as does practically all war poetry, the perspective necessary to the best of imaginative expression. It is, moreover, much more about Mr. Wyeth than about the war. In other words, we are offered here the personal notebook of a young army man. For such running comment the book has interest.

"Wild Garden" has Bliss Carman's singable quality with less of the passionate persuasion of his earlier volumes. The Canadian flowers are just a bit old-fashioned, but there is as yet no frost.

In "The Golden Room" Wilfrid Gibson, after his successful and inclusive volume of "Collected Poems," most of which were narratives and brief dramatic monologues and dialogues, returns again to the lyrics. The effect of the earlier volume upon the later seems to be toward making these late lyrics those of a note-taker, of a man aware of story, of drama, of the heart's crises. It is as if the poet went about notebook in hand, jotting down material for possible longer poems, little incidents of the moment, lyrical interludes. The verse has the traditional pleasant smoothness of so many of the English poets, and the same charm of English countryside and manners. Mr. Gibson seems, however, best at narrative. His "Collected Poems" show more intensity, more breadth of canvas. "The Golden Room" is interesting for its varieties of short song and for something like Mr. Hardy's suggestion of scene behind scene, emotion shading into emotion.

Mr. Schauffler's holiday in Maine is holiday for the reader as well. If the verse is a bit too regular, just a bit too popular, there is, nevertheless, much love of the wild country and its freedom. These are more truly like the "Songs of Vagabondia" than Bliss Carman's more quiet volume. Mr. Schauffler has in this little book given another "poetry cure" to the weary and city-confined.

Miss Benét is still uncertain of her medium. She achieves good lines, fanciful rather than imaginative images, but lacks, at times, good taste in details. This is her second volume. The first, "Fairy Bread," had much the same fragility.

Hazel Hall's posthumous volume is probably her best. Paralyzed as she was from the age of twelve, she came to have what very few women writers of verse possess, a kind of impersonal wisdom and vision. Her own body had betrayed her after she had learned to enjoy it. From it she could ask nothing. But the world had not betrayed her. Her window opened on a garden and on hills beyond, more and more beautiful, as she watched them through the years of suffering. Moreover, human beings had not hurt her. They were gracious and generous always, and she loved them. There is no bitterness here, no warping of the wood where we might expect its weathering, only a golden grain worn smoother and smoother. Having a life to live in some fashion, she contrived to make it beautiful to herself and to others. Words came to be her tools, and she loved the touch of them; loved, too, the weaving of her patterns. She had that peculiarly feminine ability of associating the personal emotion intensely with the object upon which it spent itself, and of clarifying thereby both the emotion and the object. With something of Emily Dickinson's intuitive vision, less winged perhaps, less metaphysical, less vibrantly struck, she felt:

The password of your fancy that unlocks
Gates lightly swung upon the hinge of space;

and she withdrew her own grief from all except gentle and beautiful expression; took back into the cage of her thought, her birds

Lest their thin breath should stain intrinsic air.

She was aware always of a purity and an immensity greater than she could touch upon, and that sensitiveness to far horizons made her mystic.

She lived as rushingly and as fully as she might:

Through hours woven of light and shade,
Where dawns, leaping a curve of hill,
Are gold too soon, and noons are made
To flash like waters of a rill;
Where dusk is blue upon the ground
Live, pretending you have found
Enough of day and night.

Hazel Hall was indeed both woman and poet,—never in the sense in which that combination has made for what someone has laughingly called the "God-the-pain-girls." She was able to use her womanhood toward more subtle and intuitive analyses of life, to make her very invalidism clear lense through which she could look without fear upon the vast impersonal scheme of things in which her little life mattered not at all, save as she might express creatively her outlook.

English Speech

OUR ORAL WORD AS SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC FACTOR. By M. E. DEWITT. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.25.

Reviewed by JOHN S. KENYON

PART I of this book consists of thirteen chapters, which present, with other matter, a plea for closer economic and social unity among English, Canadians, and Americans, particularly in their common speech. In view of contemporary writing with a similar object,—in this journal and elsewhere,—the plea is timely, and the reviewer heartily commends the author's purpose. Unfortunately, the plea is not effectively presented. The author does not succeed in isolating a clean-cut thesis and in driving straight toward it with a selection of well-arranged and convincing facts. The writing is rather rhetorical, is frequently involved, and has a way of tantalizing the reader by the promise of a definite fact or argument, which then evaporates into generalities and abstractions.

Part II consists of forty-seven "Euphonetigraphs,"—transcriptions from British speakers representing English "that sounds world-well," with notes on them. These transcriptions are the most valuable part of the work, for Miss DeWitt is undoubtedly a good practical phonetician. It is true that one has an impression that they are handled to enhance the author's favorite views, but they appear to be reasonably accurate. Every such record is of value for our knowledge of the language.

Among the author's favorite expressions are *euphonetic* and *world-good*. "Euphon English" is English that "sounds world-well." The assumption is that there is already a world-wide standard of spoken English, so recognized everywhere and identical in its essential features with the so-called "Received Standard" of Southern England. Though the author insists that her model is not British, but American, this is hardly convincing to competent observers who know her books and her personal pronunciation, which, it may be added, has that satisfying distinctiveness and modulation characteristic of many British speakers.

She does not, however, allow the beforementioned assumption to rest solely on acceptance, and not at all on majorities. Her favorite form is definitely based on "art considerations." She insists—and rightly—that a well-handled voice is important to good speech. But there are certain aspects of General American pronunciation that are apparently destructive of good voice production. In fairness it should be said that Miss DeWitt does not, as do many lady (and lady-like) teachers of speech, specifically include the "flat *a*" among these unregenerate aspects. But there is one feature of most American and Canadian, and much British, speech that "is of necessity barred as a foundation for art purposes." This is "inversion," the greater or less retroflexion of the tongue in making certain *r*-sounds. In General American this occurs after many vowels, and in one class of cases—the vowel of *hurt*—modifies the vowel itself. At every opportunity the author inveighs against this. In her discussions and in her notes on the transcriptions it is an ever-recurring theme. Almost all other variations in the "Euphonetigraphs" seem to be tolerable: one may say "when" or "wen"; the *o*-sound may vary from nearly "pure" to the diphthongal variety suggestive of Cockney; the *t*-sound may be made or not in *France* and *branch*; *with* may end in a voiced or a voiceless *th*-sound; *fire* may rime with *far*; the linking *r* may be sounded or not; but to bring in—God shield us!—inversion among ladies is a most dreadful thing. By use of the phrase, "School of the Curly Tongue," our pleasant-spirited author holds up to ridicule the speech of some eighty million Americans and Canadians, and of thousands of Englishmen. "This position (inverted tongue) is prohibitive for all good voice production, and is accordingly useless as an art basis." ". . . for a form (the General or "Western" form of America) that is of necessity barred as a foundation for art purposes can never be on an esthetically equal footing with a form basically favorable for art work." "The new Western School of Education . . . has never developed a form of speech that was foundationally favorable for purposes of art." Those are very bitter words. They condemn not merely most of contemporary United States and Canada, but much of the English-speaking world before the nineteenth century, which was therefore lacking in oral art. They make quick work of the esthetic judgment of a Thomas Hardy, who called the inverted *r*-sound (and in its extreme South English form) "probably as rich an utterance as any to be found in human speech," and who personally expressed regret for the growing loss of the corresponding sound from British speech.

The author's defense on supposedly objective grounds of the Eastern American and Southern British treatment of *r* is doubtless pure rationalizing. If in the course of the development of English the *r*-sound in question had been retained in London and Boston speech and lost in General American speech, can anyone imagine that Miss DeWitt would object to it as she now does?

It is to be regretted that the author has not used her linguistic skill and her familiarity with English life and ideals to contribute to mutual understanding in speech between England and America in a more effective way than by urging the simple device of having all Americans adopt British speech. Those writers on American pronunciation who, by attempting unbiased investigation, are working in harmony with the declared purpose of the International Council of English to investigate and inform before suggesting a common standard,—these our author censures for this very lack of bias. Even to describe impartially the "dialect" of eighty per cent. of a nation is, it seems, to put obstacles in the way of the "world-good" form of English. It is a dangerous assumption, often followed in this book, that certain forms of speech are intrinsically beautiful or ugly apart from convention. A rigid discipline of historical phonology is a healthy corrective of such a view. Chaucer saw the truth here as clearly as he saw most things, and expressed it with incomparable insight and humor:

Ye knowe eek, that in forme of speche is chaunge
Within a thousand yeer, and wordes tho
That hadden prys, now wonder nyce and straunge
Us thinketh hem: and yet they spake hem so,
And spedde as wel in love as men now do.

Apropos of the teaching to members of the Paris police force of foreign languages so that they may be in a position to cope with the tourist, an alarmed Frenchman writes to *Le Petit Parisian:*

"Broken English has become the fashion. One hears no longer 'bon jour,' but 'good morning'; no longer "oui,' but 'all right.' In 'journalese' one is no longer simply shot, but 'revolverized.' A restaurant keeper, in order to call attention to his music, boasts of his 'programmation'; a corset maker promises an 'idealization,' and a hairdresser the 'etherialization' of the hair."

Industrial Conflict

THE STRIKE. By E. T. HILLER. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. LINDEMAN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN once advised workers to cling to their right to strike. This weapon seemed to him fundamental; without this ultimate resource the workers would be, he thought, at the mercy of their employers. Most trade union theorists have agreed with this position and a vast amount of energy and money has been expended on behalf of and in opposition to the striking laborer. But, the fact seems to be that strikes are diminishing in quantity and intensity. Whereas some three thousand and six hundred strikes were begun in the year 1919, the number had dropped to one thousand in 1926. Strikes are still common in those "sick" industries such as textile manufacturing, coal-mining, and clothing; these represent black spots on our industrial map, areas of chronic conflict. On the whole, however, the strike appears to have come within the scope of the law of diminishing returns.

Mr. Hiller's examination of the strike may be regarded, from one point of view, as a post mortem. But, from another point of view, it is extremely apropos: overt strikes may be diminishing but industrial conflict persists; the fact that conflict assumes new forms does not lessen its importance. The strike represents a dramatic eruption, a spectacular manifestation of discordance; its vividness attracts attention and lends importance. It furnishes thrills, as does an event latent with violence. But, the persistent conflict which slumbers but never rises to the surface is likely to be even more significant. In any case, whatever may be learned about the strike is sure to be useful in interpreting future industrial disturbances in whatever form they may appear.

"The Strike" is announced as a naturalistic study of one aspect of human behavior. It fulfils its promise admirably. Mr. Hiller has possessed the temerity to eschew statistics; he plunges directly into the midst of qualitative elements. Whether or not his selected cases are adequate for the conclusions reached is not important. He has performed a more useful service in showing how to conduct a study of this sort. His contribution to method is more notable than his addition to industrial facts. In brief, he has achieved the difficult task of formulating categories which lesser students may now use in their search for statistical evidence. The strike, as a social phenomenon, is described by Mr. Hiller as a cycle which begins with unrest and tension, leads to mobilization for action, and thereupon succeeds to a substitution of direct action for economic pressure; in the next phase, "scabs" and "blacklegs" tend to intensify hostility whereupon the issue becomes obscured in personal animosities. From tension and unrest to the actual breaking out of the strike in overt form there is represented, according to Mr. Hiller, a cycle which epitomizes the nature of all social movements. He analyzes a multitude of phases involved in this cycle with rare insight. His illustrative material is always relevant and revealing. If his generalizations are valid, and they carry unusual conviction, there is a larger significance here than is implied in the title of the book.

In the closing chapter Mr. Hiller discusses the question: When will strikes cease? His answer, in briefest terms, is: when wage-workers achieve economic security and adequate control over their means of livelihood—in other words, when the causes of unrest and tension are removed. There appears to be a growing sense of mutual dependence between employers and employees; public attitudes toward the strike and toward worker-employer relationships are changing; and the strike is too expensive as a method for resolving differences. All of these elements tend to eliminate the strike, but they do not do away with the underlying conflict on interests. The strike is not a phenomenon peculiar to capitalistic society; it is, rather, a symbol of the way individuals and groups conceive their differences.

" 'Thoroughly unique,' 'absolutely unique,' 'most unique,' 'totally unique,' are all expressions accepted by the genius of the English language," says Frank H. Vizetelly. "The idea that that which is unique is solitary has been exploded long since. A hundred years ago De Quincey wrote of Lamb's writings: 'Some were so memorably beautiful as to be uniques in their class.' "

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THE LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Edited by J. MIDDLETON MURRY

"WHY haven't I got a real 'home'—a real life—why haven't I got a Chinese nurse with green trousers and two babies who rush at me and clasp my knees?" . . . "Don't let them ever persuade you that I spend any of my precious time swopping hats or committing adultery. I'm far too arrogant and proud. However, let them think what they like" . . . "I have such a passion for 'poetry'. I feel such an understanding of it. It's a great part of my life" . . . From such whimsical, clear-visioned timber as this, Katherine Mansfield has created not a forest of words, but rather a solitary sapling, swaying now towards literature, now towards humor, now towards all the variegated multitude of things that interested her. A slender sapling with a foliage of fastidiously chosen words in whose warm shade one finds relief from the blinding suns of prejudice, bigotry, and insincerity.

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Foreign Literature

Bulgarian Letters

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

THROUGHOUT Bulgaria celebrations are being staged these days in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the modern Bulgarian state. That might as well be a jubilee in observance of the half century of Bulgarian letters, since Bulgarian literature dates from the liberation of the country, or rather from Christo Botioff, the poet-revolutionist, who was killed in a skirmish just two years before the armies of Russia defeated the Turks.

But twenty-eight years of age when he was killed, his ideas and talent hardly yet developed, Botioff to-day is a kind of saint recognized and reverenced by all sects. To denounce him in Bulgaria is like uttering blasphemy in the sanctuary of a cathedral. He left but twenty poems, but half of them are sufficient to raise him above anyone who followed him.

Christo Botioff did not strive for perfection of form and his verses are often faulty in rhythm and rhyme; the content being the important thing with him. Because he was a man of great impulse and emotion whatever he tried to sing shaped its own rhythm and defined its own form. Poetry was not merely an expression to him, but a decision as well. Revolt and protest smouldering in his being, his life burned all too quickly. It burst forth intensely like a flame, and flamelike it was extinguished.

Above his own will Botioff recognizes no other—he bows to no power. He defies a god that sanctions authority, that anoints kings and patriarchs, and teacheth the slaves to be patient and to pray. One god alone he acknowledges—the god in himself, in his own heart and soul, the god of revolt and of freedom. He wrote in a period when his country was under the Turkish yoke and all his verse is a protest against bondage, a mighty cry for freedom, which transcends the boundaries of nationalism and embraces the cause of the oppressed throughout the world. In his "Hadji Dimiter," dedicated to a fellow revolutionist, he elevates to immortality him that falls in the battle for freedom. He is not to be mourned; he lives for ever there upon the mountain. Earth and Heaven mourn him; beast and nature sing for him.

Botioff is the official patron of all Bulgarian students, and no man living or dead has a wider influence over Bulgaria's youth. Every year thousands of students make a pilgrimage to the place where in 1876 a bearded Circassian pierced the poet's forehead with a bullet.

The man who followed Botioff and for fifty years thereafter supplied his people with a tremendous literary output, moulding the Bulgarian language from an imperfect mass into a worthy medium, is Ivan Vazoff. Botioff was purely and genuinely a lyric poet, allowing the beat of his heart to determine the rhythm and music of his verse; Vazoff combines with talent, artistry and literary craftsmanship. He conceives, plans, builds. Being of the same generation as Botioff and having imbibed that same spirit of the Bulgaria of '76, he lived to recreate it for his countrymen in his famous novel "Under the Yoke," in his play "Hushove" (Rebels), and in many verses, essays, and impressions.

⁂

Other major poets of Bulgaria are Pentcho Slaveykoff and Peyo Yavoroff. Both have gone farther than Vazoff in their search for form and perfection of style. Slaveykoff suffers from a superdose of intellectuality, which sometimes drains his work of genuine poetry. He was getting away from it in his memorable "Song of Blood," which was being translated into Swedish in the hope that it might win him the Nobel Prize, but which, unfortunately, he did not live to finish. Yavoroff, closer to Botioff in emotion and impulse, is denied admittance into the calendar of the great because of a rhetorical bombast and pomposity. He is a pessimist and a misanthrope from whom Strindberg might well have taken lessons.

An illustrious Bulgarian poet who has failed of fame, is Aleko Constantinoff. As a satirist it is no exaggeration to say that he has few equals in the world. He left two masterpieces: "Bai Ganio" (Uncle Ganio) and "To Chicago and Back." In both these works the author shows his marvellous faculty for observation and characterization. In the first, a typical Bulgarian peasant journeys through Europe and the author reports his amazing experiences, describing with utmost skill and wholesome humor his ignorance and naiveté, delineating his national habits and characteristics in a satirical and penetrating fashion. The result is the typical Bai Ganio—the Bulgarian Uncle Sam—sculptured with the hand of a master craftsman.

The second work is a record of the author's impressions on his journey from Bulgaria to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. His observations of the American scene, humorously and skilfully interpreted in his delightful style, form one of the classics of Bulgarian literature, and still are the chief source of information about this country.

⁂

Of the multitude of present day writers in the little kingdom by the Danube and the Black Sea the most interesting, the juiciest, so to speak, the most diverting and exhilarating, both personally and in his work, is Alexander Balabanoff. The translator into Bulgarian of the Odyssey and the Iliad and all the Greek plays, he is as modern and refreshing as any man living. He is a kind of bull in the china shop of Bulgarian literature, from which it is not to be inferred that he lacks good judgment and appreciation. Most closely he resembles H. L. Mencken. To the same extent he is criticized by the Bulgarian rotarians and, in the same proportion, is the nation divided for and against him. Like Mencken in his admiration of German letters and music and philosophy, he differs from his American contemporary in that he does not confine his diatribes to the printed word. His best works have never been written and will never be published. They have been passionate, spontaneous outbursts, which could have been preserved only by the recent invention of photographing voice and action. Balabanoff can be seen all over the Bulgar capital and throughout the kingdom, waving his arms, gesticulating, shouting, roaring, scurrying, stopping scratching his shaggy head, denouncing violently, praising obliviously. Essentially a poet, and the most picturesque Bohemian in the country, he has had the misfortune of being chained to a cathedra at the State University, where he is at the head of the Department of Classical Philology. That the authorities of that institution have tolerated him is again an example of Bulgarian liberality. The translator of "Faust" into the Bulgarian, Balabanoff has written sheaves of essays, criticisms, impressions, denunciations, and has been the editor of many periodicals, including *Razvigor*, the weekly review of Bulgarian letters.

⁂

As one cannot mention the name of Mencken without in some way becoming conscious of the name of Nathan, so one cannot speak of Balabanoff without thinking of Elin Pelin who, in this article, deserves mention on his own score. Differing in temperament and inclination, Pelin and Balabanoff have consumed more tripe stew together and have emptied more barrels of wine and beer than Mencken and Nathan ever dreamed of. Elin Pelin is primarily an artist, Balabanoff is everything, and because of that, nothing. Yet he has done as much for Bulgarian literature as his friend, or as much as any other living Bulgarian.

For twenty-five years the tales of Elin Pelin have been read by people all over the country. Born in a village and having spent his early years as a school teacher in the country, Elin Pelin has always stuck to the soil for setting and character. The author of several volumes of short tales, he has written two long stories, "The Geraks" and "Earth," the latter recently published. In "The Geraks" Elin Pelin traces the disintegration of a prosperous country family. The children grow and marry; their wives begin to quarrel. One of the sons, the youngest, on whom the faher has rested his hopes and bestowed the bounty of his affections, returns from the army a debauchee, ruins the health of his wife, and piles worries on his old father's head. It is the story of a large and respectable family gone to ruin through the greed, jealousies, and dissipations of the children. The city, too, has had its share in the downfall of the Geraks.

In "Earth" the author pictures passionate love for land. The hero is a miser of field and meadow who dooms himself to unhappiness through his unnatural greed for earth. He scorns the love of a beautiful girl in order to marry a deformed creature who is the heir of much property. Elin Pelin handles the details with real artistry. The brutal fratricide in the story he motivates with the skill of a tried writer and with keen insight into peasant psychology.

Pelin does not usually depend on intrigue and design for his effect. He achieves this by a lucid, artistic style and by carefully chosen detail. Most of his stories are simple, realistic portrayals of peasant life, with a substantial, philosophic significance always underlying them.

More recent than Elin Pelin's are the short stories of Jordan Yofkoff. Here we find greater emphasis on incident and action, but less substance. As a story-teller Mr. Yofkoff has more talent, and there are those who believe that he is the best writer of fiction in the kingdom. My own impression is that Mr. Yofkoff, having to his advantage a natural aptitude for narration and a fluent style, has not yet completely mastered the technique of short story writing, nor has he an appreciation of the importance of form. In some of the tales published under the general title, "Legends of the Balkan Mountains," he shows to what great heights his story-telling instinct can carry him. And again in the same volume he casts cold water on one's enthusiasm for him. For the most part his stories deal with those epochs of Bulgarian life when bashibazouks, Kerjali, Janizzaries, and bandits preyed upon the population. This places a value upon his work which can be adequately and effectively appreciated by his own countrymen alone.

⁂

Rich is Bulgaria in history and tradition. More than a thousand years ago the Bulgars descended upon the Balkan peninsula. A roving warlike band of forty thousand Asiatics under the chieftainship of Asparuch, they conquered the native Slavs who in turn absorbed them, but upon whom the Bulgars imposed their name and their government. For a thousand years they have stayed in the Balkans, spreading terror and threatening the lives of empires. Several great Bulgar khans and czars reached the portals of Constantinople, retreating only after many costly gifts had been made to them by the emperors of Byzantium. And after five centuries of serfdom under the Turks we see them again emerged as a Balkan power. In a span of fifty years of free life they have fought four terrible wars and have suffered many other reverses. And there has always, of course, been the land and nature to struggle with. One would then suppose that from this wealth of material great novels should have been born. But outside of Vazoff's "Under the Yoke," which in breadth and execution recalls the novels of Hugo and Turgeniev, there is not a single Bulgarian novel worth translation into a foreign language. It may be that the development of the novel requires more settled conditions; that the restlessness, the instability, and insecurity of Bulgarian life have forced literary expression into the quicker, the more spontaneous medium of the poem and the short story.

An Italian Critic

SCRITTORI D'EUROPA. By GIOVANNI BATTISTA ANGIOLETTI. Milan: Libreria d'Italia. 1929.

THE writer of this volume is one of the most interesting of contemporary Italian critics, and these essays, which appeared first in the pages of the review he directs, *La Fiera Letteraria*, are of particular attraction for the non-Italian reader. For Signor Angioletti, as his title implies, has so chosen and grouped his essays as to exhibit a common European literary attitude. We will say straight away that we find a lack of appreciation for the Germanic element in European civilization. It is true that, in his first chapters, the critic treats of Nietzsche along with Dostoievsky and Arthur Rimbaud as a great formative influence. But for signs of that influence exhibited in any but French and Italian writers we look in vain. Since, however, it may be hypercritical to expect a systematic study in a mere collection of review articles, let us say at once that the individual criticisms are nearly all original and thought-provoking.

There is, for example, a brief but pointed refutation of Bergsonism; there is a lucid exposition of "Surréalisme"; modern French writers such as Morand, Giraudoux, and Valery Larbaud—this last particularly—are discussed sympathetically and with understanding. The two most provocative essays are at the end—"On American Literature," and "Defence of Europe." The first is a destructive review of a lecture by Professor Mackenzie, of the University of Illinois, whose reflections on American literature have stirred Signor Angioletti to a vigorous assertion that America has no really native literature except Poe, the reason being that no true art can proceed from the feverish hunt for wealth, the philosophical indecision and confusion, that the writer imagines as making up American culture. He implies that this, the inevitable error of a national youth, is being overcome; a true American intellectual culture and tradition is in the process of formation, and if this accomplishment coincides with the Americanization of Europe—that spells the cultural end of the Old World, the end of the inheritance which Signor Angioletti, very characteristically, associates with three names, Homer, Horace, and Dante.

The Status of Wagner

DER FALL WAGNER. Eine Revision. By BERNHARD DIEBOLD. Frankfurt: Frankfurter Sozietätsdruckerei. 1929.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

THE well-known German dramatic critic, Bernhard Diebold, went to Bayreuth to report the Wagner festival for the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, but what he saw there inspired him to a series of chapters which certainly deserved republication in pamphlet form, for they are an instructive and brightly written commentary on present-day taste in literature and art. It seems that since the war Wagner, the revolutionary composer, has been appropriated by the conservatives, and the Prussian flag was the only one that was seen on his grave. The younger generation, averse to the nationalism and conservatism of their elders, have taken up again Nietzsche's aspersions on Wagner, and have begun a movement of detraction to which Herr Diebold, with praiseworthy zeal, is anxious to call a halt. And his demonstration that Wagner was really a democratic artist is certainly interesting. He quotes convincing sentences on this point from the master's "Kunstwerk der Zukunft," and emphatically proclaims the "Meistersinger" as the most democratic work for the stage between Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" and Gerhart Hauptmann's "Weber." The democratic significance of the music drama is being forgotten or deliberately obscured, and only the Wagner of the "Kaisermarsch" is being remembered; the Wagner who, in common with hosts of German democrats, hailed the unification of Germany in 1871, is being exalted out of all due proportion at the expense of the liberal Wagner of the years of revolution, 1848 and 1849.

Much of this polemic may well leave non-German musical enthusiasts cold. They are hardly likely to praise or reject Wagner on any but true musical grounds. But the chapters that follow are of more general interest, and constitute a persuasive attempt to restore a more correct view of Nietzsche, both in his general attitude to literature and in his particular attitude to Wagner. It is not difficult to show that the philosopher of the Superman, in this as in so many other respects, was inconsistent with himself, but Herr Diebold carries out the demonstration effectively and with much quotation. His critical office, this latest critic of Nietzsche says, was to say No to everything that existed or was in fashion. This was not a really critical attitude, and those who follow it to-day and condemn romanticism, condemn the baroque and despise everything showing pathos and sentiment, have no more reason on their side than he had. Nietzsche failed to foresee the enormous "mechanization" of the world since the development of steam and electricity, and the popularization of the ideas of Karl Marx, and to the end he remained an aristocrat in ethics and a reactionary in esthetics. And with some acute reflections on the recrudescence of the "decadence" propaganda of Max Nordau—in connection with which Herr Diebold, incidentally, would have done well to recall Bernard Shaw's "Sanity of Art"—and on the true nature of pathos, which he finds in enthusiasm, the writer ends this lively, perhaps exaggerated, but certainly necessary piece of controversy.

Poetry will take the field as the subject of intercollegiate rivalry when representatives of Williams, Amherst, Wesleyan, Vassar, and Mount Holyoke meet in Middletown on May 11 to offer original compositions in verse.

The contest is sponsored by Mount Holyoke, and a prize of $100 has been donated for the best poem.

Each competing college will have one contestant, chosen from the undergraduate body. The compositions, either single or collected poems, must be read, not less than nine nor more than fifteen minutes being alloted for the reading.

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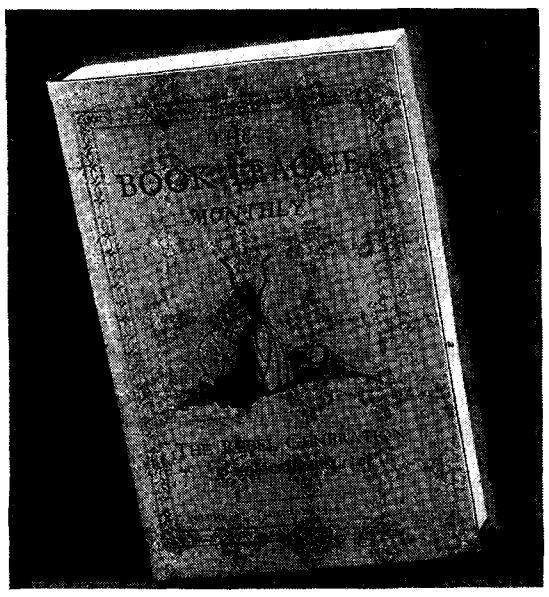

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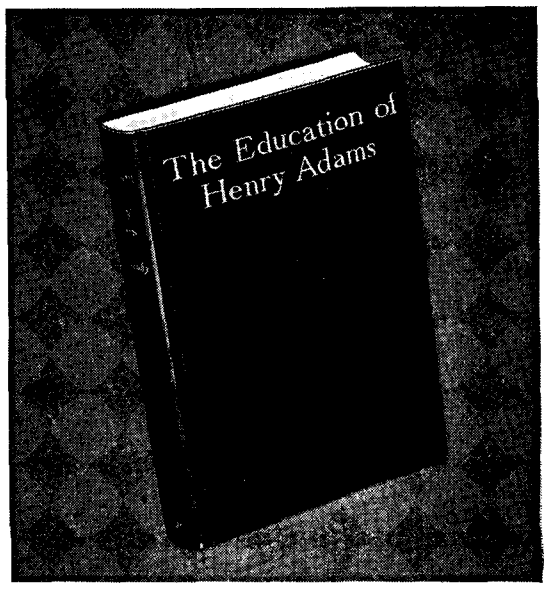
* As this announcement goes to press, word is received that EUGENE O'NEILL has accepted our invitation to become a member of the Board of Editors.



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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 57. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short song for May Day, 1929. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 22.)

Competition No. 58. "What song the sirens sang," said Sir Thomas Browne, "is a matter not altogether beyond conjecture." A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best conjectured song or fragment of the song not exceeding twenty-four lines. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 6.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

COMPETITIONS Nos. 52 AND 55.

The first of these two competitions offered a prize of fifteen dollars for the best short rhymed poem called "Still Life." The seven outstanding entries were later printed on this page and a further prize was offered for the best critical review of them.

The prize for the poem called "Still Life" is awarded to Homer M. Parsons for the verses signed "Quince." These were printed in our issue of March 2.

Arthur Davison Ficke wins the prize for the best review of the "Still Life" poems. His entry follows.

THE WINNING REVIEW

THERE were four possible ways of handling the problem:

(*a*) To describe a painting of fruit, flowers, or the like, seeking to convey only what the artist has put down.

(*b*) To describe, from life, a grouping of similar objects, without comment.

(*c*) The addition to either methods (*a*) or (*b*) of an element of human significance,—a comment, a moral, or a symbolic meaning.

(*d*) The entire departure from the use of "Still Life" as a painter's phrase, and the use of it in some fresh meaning.

Method (*b*) would be the hardest to use supremely well; we had rather hoped to see some adventurous experiments along these lines. Not a single one, however, is included in our group. There were four (*c*)s, two (*d*)s, and one (*a*).

The award goes to "Apple," who uses Method (*d*), as follows:

"Still Life!" says youth. "And must we face again
This *confused mixture of delight and pain?"*
(Youth, that makes play with thoughts of suicide,
Knows not how bitterly the old men died.)

It was quite legitimate for "Apple" to use the words "Still Life" in this sense. We like the way he at once makes the reader aware of their meaning. The poem is a good poem, expressing an illuminating intuition with brevity and precision.

"Grape Fruit," using Method (*c*), is second choice. His octave is so good that, had the writer ended the poem there, it would have been hard to decide between him and "Apple." But he goes on, with ever-diminishing emotional power—until his last two lines break down into a rather prosaic piece of intellectualization.

"Orange" employs Method (*c*); but his use of words is blurred, as when he refers to apples as a "vintage," and says that

Within a gilded frame lies pent
The magic wine of love's content.

That is very clumsy writing; and I would not give it third place were it not that none of the remaining poems have any reality of feeling. This one has.

"Peach," starting with Method (*a*), spoils it at the end by smearing a little (*c*) on, and suddenly becoming witty, at the expense of her subject.

"Quince" tells a good tale of Kentucky mountaineers; but his use of Method (*d*) is bad, in that the obligatory title, "Still Life," applies to it only in a superficial manner; it is clever enough, but it is a mere charade.

"Nectarine," using Method (*c*), falls into sentimentality, and gets drowned. "Cherry," with the same method, produces a conventional picture that seems like an under-developed plate; the human element is introduced, but is not made effective.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

It is impossible to comment satisfactorily on the results of this reviewing contest because space does not allow the reprinting of the seven poems reviewed. These can be consulted in our issue of March 2. The competitors gave Cherry 17 votes, Quince 16, Peach 15, Grape and Orange 13 each, Nectarine 10, and Apple 5. Quince had already been earmarked as the winner: and the popular vote would have confirmed my choice of him but for the votes of one or two reviewers who, narrowly, I think, declined to interpret "Still Life" in any but the most obvious way.

Arthur Davison Ficke's kind words for Apple's somewhat didactic lines were badly needed. Too many reviewers seemed to miss their point. Perhaps they were right to recoil from the unnatural stress on the *con* in "This confused mixture of delight and pain." This does not appear to worry Mr. Ficke. But I think he is unfair in not allowing Quince the same liberty to twist the meaning of the title that he so freely allows to Apple. One interpretation is as justifiable as the other.

Ruth Mary Weeks, David Heathestone, and P. S. C. all wrote good reviews. Mr. Heathestone began by letting us into a secret—"The temptation has been strong to clip out Orange, Peach, Cherry, and Grape, cast them from the garret window, and award the prize to the one that floats farthest. In the days when Dr. Canby was our beloved professor it was said in some quarters that this method was in high favor with him, and used with notable success." This is a tip I shall learn to profit by. But Mr. Heathestone's choice of Orange does not do justice to that better taste which appears in the final paragraph of his review.

"Quince" cannot be discussed in the same vertical column as the others. It is too different. The truth is, a moonshine dialect song and

A blue eye squintin' down a long
squirrel rifle

are irresistible to me, if well done, and this is. For days I could see no escape from giving it the prize. But I suspect Homer Parsons of being the Quince, who "does this sort of thing too often and too easily." For envy I couldn't award him another *first*. But I could and will give him "cum laude," and hope he will do the same sort of thing oftener and yet more easily, for it is delightful.

This is much the same thing that I felt myself, except that I didn't weaken. Mr. Parsons's poem was easily the most original of the batch: moreover, he had succeeded, more than the others, in doing what he set out to do.

Marshall Brice found Nectarine's poem the least imperfect of the seven. Others, rightly, objected to the drowned man "beholding things that are yet blind to us." It is the seer who is blind, not the thing he fails to see. John A. L. Odde was really unkind to Nectarine.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By FORD MADOX FORD. Lippincott. 1929. $1.

This is the first volume of the "One Hour Series," which is to be a summing up of progress in various fields—medicine, psychology, music, the movies, as well as literature. If the series maintains the standard as set by Mr. Ford, it will be more ambitious than the general title indicates. Mr. Ford demands more than an hour. He is in no hurry to leave the mark, and all the way is leisurely in manner. In his own style there is a quality which he himself disparages—the author's personality distracts us a little, and we tend to admire his cleverness rather than attend to the next. But though this may be delaying, it does not mean that we are not going to get somewhere with him. His is a three-hour volume, and the last hour is the best. Two-thirds of the way through he catches sight of a winning post, strikes a new pace, and holds it. Those who desert before this will miss an amusing discussion of the Nuvvle and the Novel. The Nuvvle delighted Mr. Ford's grand-aunt Eliza, who made the famous saying: "Sooner than be idle I'd take a book and read." The Nuvvle is produced mainly by people "intent on proving they are gentlemen or on improving the ungentle world." The Nuvvelist has little of the detachment and aloofness of the Novelist, who knows "that the story is the thing, and the story, and then the story, and that there is nothing else that matters in the world."

Mr. Ford hints that this is hardly the end of the distinction, and that discussion could go on a long time. Perhaps the introduction to it could have been shortened if some of the tempting sidepaths have been avoided. But it is certainly a ramble in the right direction, and nobody minds collecting a few burrs by the way.

Biography

STEALING THROUGH LIFE. By ERNEST BOOTH. Knopf. 1929. $3.

There is at present a vogue for the life stories of gunmen, slavers, fanatics, prostitutes, seamen, adventurers, and other such dubious characters. A topical, sensational interest is the most that can attach to them. Blurbs and ecstatic journalists to the contrary, they are never "epics," never "sagas," because, being written by untutored hands, they are never literature. Mr. Booth's narrative is no better or worse than its kind—except for the last chapter (published in *The American Mercury* as "We Rob a Bank"), which is so brilliant, original, and true that it seems the work of another writer. Stephen Crane never approached it in giving a fresh, vivid sense of reality.

Fiction

DREAM BOAT. By NORVAL RICHARDSON. Little, Brown. 1929. $2.

The events of this novel of adventure are either implausible or conventional. We have practically no interest in the sea-going love nest, in the exotic young lady's struggle with her hot gypsy blood, in the ultimate embrace of the lovers. Mr. Richardson does better with his backgrounds—Marseilles and adjacent rural France—than with character or plot. But those pleasant backgrounds are not enough to save the novel. Although written with genteel skill, "Dream Boat" is quite unimportant.

LOVE IN CHICAGO. By CHARLES WALT. Harcourt, Brace. 1929. $2.50.

Presumably anything may happen in Chicago. Even so, this story of an underworld czar who forces his detestable attentions on a pure girl, murders her father, gets her lover convicted of the crime, and finally forces her to submit to his loathesome embrace in order to save her true love from the gallows—all this would be more convincing if it had been set to music by the earlier Verdi. Mr. Walt tells his story in diary form—the racketeer's diary. This gives opportunity for the exposition of an almost paranoiac character which would be highly valuable, if he had kept in character. Unfortunately the underworld slang of his diary is sprinkled with frequent phrases which are obviously the author's, not the narrator's; and the illusion is further shattered by the occasional intrusion of Mr. Walt's editorial opinions on the relation of crime and politics in Chicago, and the cure of both, which are hardly in character.

HAPPY EVER AFTER. By H. R. WAKEFIELD. Appleton. 1929. $2.

We have found nothing to arouse enthusiasm in this exceedingly garrulous, tiresome, unsubstantial story of svelte Britishers pleasuring luxuriously at home and at smart Continental resorts. The boy hero, Cyril, musical genius of nineteen, who seems to us a perfect little lady, the inheritor of a vast fortune, is taken under the benign wing of an eminent barrister who proceeds to keep off the vultures and supervise the guileless lad's introduction to the world of wealth, art, and fashion. Mr. Wakefield should leave this kind of thing alone, and perhaps stick to his ghost stories, an excellent collection of which, "They Return at Evening," appeared a year or two ago.

THE INTELLECT IS A BRUTE. By SAMUEL H. ORDWAY, JR. Duffield. 1929. $2.

This book is miscalled a novel; but in his allegory designed to prove the vanity of an intellectual approach to life, Mr. Ordway displays talents that suggest that he could write good novels. What can be done, he wonders, with a generation "whose heritage is romanticism, revolt, Victorianism, science, decadence, individualism, realism, and disillusion?" Well, what can be done with it is to take it, in the person of a young man named Lilan, through all these stages and a few more, each illustrated by copious quotations from the leading authorities. With Lilan goes Ariad, his sweetheart and then his wife; and here Mr. Ordway has created a living and engaging character. When Lilan finally settles down with a program which includes children, cocktails, dances at the Country Club, "faith in everything that thought does not show to be false, and thought about everything even though it be a faith"—a program not so different from the Victorian good-citizen philosophy of the late T. H. Green—Ariad is just setting off on some intellectual quests of her own, in the intervals between childbearing and prettifying herself for parties. *Das ewig-Weibliche zieht sich hinan.* Mr. Ordway gives her three cheers, does not quite know where she is going, but feels confident that she will get there. The long and incessant dissections of ideas becomes wearisome; Mr. Ordway has sufficient talent to have done what he was trying to do in a novel of more conventional, and more readable, pattern.

THE PATIENT IN ROOM 18. By *M. G. Eberhart.* Crime Club. $2 net.

THE CLUNY PROBLEM. By *A. Fielding.* Knopf. $2.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY YOUNG. By *Milton M. Propper.* Harpers. $2.

SIX MRS. GREENES. By *Lorna Rea.* Harpers. $2.50.

BAD BOY: MODEL 1929. By *Harold W. Brecht.* Harpers. $2.50.

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MIDWINTER. By *John Buchan.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

LIV. By *Kathleen Coyle.* Dutton.

PASTEL. By *Georgette Meyer.* Longmans. $2.

Foreign

DE LA VIDA NORTE AMERICANA. By *Antonio Heras.* Scribners. 96 cents.

POÈMES D'AMÉRIQUE. By *Jacques-Henri Pillionnel.* Paris: Messein.

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LE PÈRE GORIOT. By *Honoré de Balzac.* Scribners. $1.

HENRY FORD. By *Roy del Ray.* Detroit: Fodor Gyula Konyvin and Yomdajanah Myomasa.

DEUTSCHLAND'S GESUNDHEITSVERHÄLTNISSE UNTER DEM EINFLUSS DES WELTKRIEGS. By *Dr. F. Bumm.* 2 vols. Leipzig: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. Yale University Press.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE CONSTITUTION. By *David Hutchinson.* Grafton.

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(Continued on next page)

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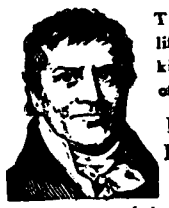

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"Indeed, Miss Watkins is a writer to watch. She has a style that is always capable and sometimes distinguished, insight into the complexities of character and the motives that govern conduct, a tolerance that tempers discernment, and a reasoned attitude toward life. There is a largeness to her work that lifts it out of the ruck of the ephemeral, and that demands all respect."

—AMY LOVEMAN
The Saturday Review of Literature

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PHILADELPHIA

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

History

THE SOUTHERN FRONTIER. By *Verner W. Crane.* Duke University Press. $4.50.

DESERTION DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By *Ella Lonn.* Century. $3.

THE FALL OF THE PLANTER CLASS. By *Lowell Joseph Ragatz.* Century. $5.

FRONTIERS AND THE FUR TRADE. By *Sydney Greenbie.* Day. $3.75.

KIRK ON THE ZAMBESI. By *R. Coupland.* Oxford University Press. $6.50.

ITALY BEFORE THE ROMANS. By *David Randall-MacIver.* Oxford University Press.

WITCHCRAFT IN OLD AND NEW ENGLAND. By *George Lyman Kittredge.* Harvard University Press. $6.

LIFE AND WORK OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND. By *Dorothy Hartley* and *Margaret M. Elliott.* The Fourteenth Century. The Seventeenth Century. Putnams. 2 vols. $2.50 each.

TORCHLIGHT PARADE. By *Sherwin Lawrence Cook.* Minton, Balch. $3.75.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. By *W. Cameron Forbes.* Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols.

GOD'S COUNTRY. By *Ralph Barton.* Knopf. $4.

THE SPANISH PIONEERS AND THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS. By *Charles F. Lummis.* McClurg. $3.

THE FOUNDING OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By *George C. Sellery and A. C. Krey.* Harpers. $5.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. VII. The Hellenistic Monarchies and the Rise of Rome. Edited by *S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock,* and *M. P. Charlesworth.* Macmillan. $10.50.

MEDIÆVAL CULTURE. By *Karl Vossler.* Translated by *William Cranston Lawton.* Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $8.

SWORDS AND ROSES. By *Joseph Hergesheimer.* Knopf. $3.50.

SECRETS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE: Selections from the Papers of the First Earl Crowley. Edited by *Col. F. A. Wellesley.* Harpers.

THE ROMANCE AND RISE OF THE AMERICAN TROPICS. By *Samuel Crowther.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop will appear next week*)

PLAIN JANE. By MOLLY HARROWER. Illustrated by KATHLEEN HALE. Coward-McCann. 1929. $1.50.

Miss Harrower and Miss Hale are not quite such experienced collaborators as A. A. Milne and Mr. Shepard; they feel an acknowledgment is called for:

> *To Christopher Robin*
> *Plain Jane must concede*
> *A pioneer's due:*
> *For he took the lead. . . .*

But the rhymes are amusing, and the drawings very well adapted to them. Plain Jane's wit is not so subtle as Christopher Robin's, and her inventiveness not quite so surprising; but she ought to find many friends.

THE HAUNTED SHIP. By *Kate Tucker.* Macmillan. $1.75.

WHAT DADDIES DO. By *Robert Livingston.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.

THE NEW CURIOSITY SHOP. By *Harriette R. Campbell.* Harpers. $1.75.

IN GREAT WATERS. By *E. Keble Chatterton.* Lippincott. $1.75.

DOWN IN THE GRASS. By *Harold Kellock.*

NEW PLAYS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN. Edited by *Anna M. Lütkenhaus.* Century. $1.75.

MORE STORY-HOUR FAVORITES. Compiled by *Wilhelmina Harper.* Century. $2.

SOAP BUBBLES. By *Ellen Beers.* MacGowan. Macmillan.

A BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIFE OF CHRIST. By J. *Paterson-Smyth.* Revell. $2.50.

Philosphy

GREEK THOUGHT AND THE ORIGINS OF SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT. By *Léon Robin.* Knopf. $6.50.

THE LIFE OF ALL LIVING. By *Fulton J. Sheen.* Century. $1.75.

THE MOTIVES OF PROTEUS. By *José E. Rodó.* Brentanos. $4.

Poetry

LAMENTATIONS. By ALTER BRODY. Coward-McCann. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Brody writes English with the shadow of Yiddish on it, something as James Stephens writes English with Gaelic underneath. It is a better sort of thing for the transmission of a special flavor than broken English, or slang, or dialect that is mainly bad grammar and fearful spelling. It is a subtler infusion, and Mr. Brody might have made it stronger with advantage. Only those who know Gaelic or Yiddish can have any idea what the details of the stylist problem may be, but in general it would seem to be how, or how much, can you carry over from an alien speech without spoiling your English. The plays of J. F. Synge are a convenient example. The language is, physically, perfectly good English, but there has been a blood transmission. Synge's English is colored with Gaelic more than Mr. Brody's with Yiddish. The details of the problem must be fascinating, but very shifting and various.

Mr. Brody's four short plays are very short, and mainly monologue or dialogue for two, domestic tragedies of Russian Jews in New York, tragedies of childless women, tragedies of children gone blind, or "on the street," tragedies of poverty and longing.

POEMS AND THE SPRING OF JOY. By *Mary Webb.* Dutton. $2.50.

MACHINERY. By *MacKnight Black.* Liveright. $2.

POEMS. By *Charles Norman.* Knopf. $2.

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. Selected and translated by *Shane Leslie.* Appleton.

THE VEILED DOOR. By *Caroline Giltinan.* Macmillan. $1.50.

VIRGIL GEORGICS. Translated by *C. W. Brodribb.* Appleton.

THE SONG OF SONGS AND OTHER POEMS. By *S. Fowler Wright.* Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

THE HERMIT THRUSH. By *Kathleen Millay.* Liveright. $2.

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN. By *Alice Mary Kimball.* Knopf. $2.50.

IMAGES IN JADE. By *Arthur Christy.* Dutton. $3.50.

OXFORD POETRY, 1928. Edited by *Clere Parsons.* Appleton.

THE POEMS OF NATHANIEL WANLEY. Edited by *L. C. Martin.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THE OWL. Edited by *Margarette Ball Dickson.* Dean. $1.

LOVE AS LOVE, DEATH AS DEATH. By *Laura Riding.* London: Seizin Press.

A COMPREHENSIVE ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN POETRY. Compiled by *Conrad Aiken.* Modern Library.

WHEN LOVE PASSED BY AND OTHER VERSES. By *Solomon Solis-Cohen.* Philadelphia: Rosenbach.

Religion

THE PAGANISM IN OUR CHRISTIANITY. By ARTHUR WEIGALL. Putnam's. 1928. $2.50.

Historians of religion like Sir James Frazer analyze the blended strains of religious thought and observance for the purpose of following its general development by comparison of its various forms. Mr. Weigall, an archæologist attached to the staff of the Cairo Museum, has a more limited purpose in the popular, and somewhat carelessly written, volume before us. He skims the cream of a very extensive literature in comparative religion to exhibit to the general reader the very large infusion from non-Christian sources which became part of Christianity in its early years as heir to the great centuries of syncretism which made the Roman Empire the melting pot of all the religions of the Near East.

To scholars the facts are not new; the statements introduced as fact, such as "many gods and semi-divine heroes have mothers whose names are variations of Mary (!): Adonis, son of Myrrha; Hermes, the Greek Logos, son of Maia; Cyrus, the son of Mariana or Mandane; Moses, the son (*sic*) of Miriam; Buddha, the son of Maya; Krishna, the son of Maritala, will often prove amusing. On the public addressed the impression produced will probably be that the Church's imposture is at last exposed. So large a part of Christianity comes from outside of Judaism! Comparative mythology can be put to better use.

TONGUES OF FIRE. A Bible of Sacred Scriptures of the Pagan World. Compiled by GRACE H. TURNBULL. Macmillan. $3.50.

A desire to bring about a deeper and more liberal understanding in religion has prompted a well-known American painter and sculptor to a first literary venture of some uniqueness in anthological compilation. The title of his volume is taken from Acts II, 2-4, of the Christian Bible, but the selections contained in the book aim to suggest that Christianity was only one among a great plurality of beautiful and profound religions, all of them "filled with the Holy Ghost," and all expressed through "tongues like as of fire." Using "sacred scriptures," however, in the sense of all inspired writing, Miss Turnbull must cover much more than the specifically religious writings. She gives passages not only from the Upanishads, Confucius, Buddha, Mohammed, Lao-Tzu, but also from the edicts of the Indian king Asoka, from the Platonic Dialogues, from the metaphysical mysticism of Plotinus, and from Stoic moral philosophy.

While embracing this great range of important religious, moral, and philosophical utterance through the ages, the author has nevertheless brought her material into a readable compass for which the layman particularly will be grateful. No attempt is made to convey an entire system, and only so much is taken from each source as is necessary to convey its spiritual and literary essence. The method of arrangement is for the most part a chronological one, from earliest pagan system to latest. Aside, however, from the chapters devoted to particular systems there are four which collate passages from everywhere to show the universality of certain religious problems and religious forms. These are the series of definitions of the Unknown God, the collection of early conceptions of the genesis of the world, the chapter of various psalms, and the chapter of various prayers. In a brief introduction Miss Turnbull gives expression to certain ideas about the essential truth and virtue in all religions, ideas which, while banal in themselves, seem not inappropriate in this context.

This work seems more valuable than Lewis Browne's "This Believing World," even though lacking in the creative element. Or rather it seems more valuable for precisely that reason—that it lets the original sources speak for themselves, creating an impression which the most voluminous exposition can never convey.

THE CHURCH IN HISTORY. By *Arthur Wilford Nagler.* Abingdon. $3.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE. By *C. H. Dodd.* Harpers. $3.

Travel

LONDON NOTES AND LECTURES. By *Walter C. Lanyon.* London: Fowler.

HEARTFELT LAYS. By *Dell H. Pate.* Vinal.

PLACES. By *Roger L. Waring.* Vinal.

LEANO FROM THE BOOK OF LOVE. By *Jean Palmer Nye.* Vinal.

FIRE AND FLESH. By *Betty Henderson.* Vinal.

BUCK FEVER. By *Henry Morton Robinson.* Duffield. $1.50.

THE IDOLS. By *Laurence Binyon.* Macmillan.

PARIS VIGNETTES. By *Elizabeth Eaton Burton.* Vinal. $3.50.

IN JAVA. By *John C. Van Dyke.* Scribners. $2.50.

ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES. By *Emil Ludwig.* Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

THE DESERT ROAD TO TURKESTAN. By *Owen Lattimore.* Little, Brown. $4 net.

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UNDISCOVERED AUSTRALIA. By *Capt. Sir G. H. Wilkins.* Putnam. $4.50.

OTHER WAYS AND OTHER FLESH. By *Edith O'Shaughnessy.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

RICHARD HAKLUYT AND THE ENGLISH VOYAGES. By *George Bruner Parks.* American Geographical Society.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS. By *C. E. Kingsford-Smith* and *C. T. P. Ulm.* McBride.

TWELVE DAYS. By *V. Sackville-West.* Doubleday, Doran. $3 net.

ORIENTALE. By *Francis de Miomandre.* Brentanos. $2.50.

SNOW-BLIND. By *Albert M. Treynor.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

GARDEN OATS. By *Faith Baldwin.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE. By *Jesse Lynch Williams.* Scribners. $2.50.

CHINA, MOTHER OF GARDENS. By *Ernest H. Wilson.* Stratford. $10.

ALTAI-HIMALAYA. By *Nicholas Roerich.* Stokes. $5.

A SATCHEL GUIDE TO EUROPE. By *William J. Rolfe.* Revised and enlarged by *William D. Crockett.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

GRANADA. By *E. Allison Peers.* Knopf. $2.

THE SAVAGE SOLOMONS. By *S. G. C. Knibbs.* Lippincott.

FRIENDLY SIAM. By *Ebbe Konnerup.* Putnam.

War

THE WAR IN THE AIR. Vol. II. By *H. A. Jones.* Oxford. $7.50.

IN QUEST OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE. By *Harry Elmer Barnes.* National Historical Society.

STATESMEN OF THE WAR IN RETROSPECT. By *William Martin.* Minton, Balch. $5.

MADNESS OF WAR. By *Harold S. Brewster.* Harper. $2.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

G. V. K., Stanford University, Cal., asks for a list of works on European architecture that he may study with the hope of profiting by them on a year's trip on a bicycle through the British Isles and the western part of the Continent. He is chiefly interested in esthetic values, but wishes his equipment to include some basic information on technique.

IF American travellers abroad did but realize how richly they would be repaid by some preliminary study of books like these, more of them would send me letters like this. I agree emphatically with Charles G. Brooks, who says in "Roundabout to Canterbury" (Harcourt, Brace): "If one would travel with intelligence through a long-settled country he must know these marks that distinguish the periods of architecture. These are his obvious handbook to the past." And again: "Architecture travels always hand in hand with political necessity. Norman towers were not built for show." This reader should get Mr. Brooks's travel-books of England; this one is on foot, but "A Thread of English Road" and the just published "Roads to the North" (Harcourt, Brace) are by bicycle! It is the first-named, however, that gives excellent advice on guessing one's way to the age of a building or its additions, by means of architectural details—"a game more intense than bridge."

The ordinary push-bike, not the motor variety, plays such a part in English rural social life and transport—especially, it seems to me on looking back, in the lives of the minor clergy—that a visitor using one scarcely feels like a tourist. A visitor with not so much time at his command as this one will need a small, compact work that he can carry about on his wheel or in his pocket. For this purpose Matlack Price's "The ABC of Architecture" (Dutton) is excellent; it begins with the elementary technical information for which this reader is in search, and gives the rest of the book to a sketch of the development of architecture in Europe, with many drawings in the text. An uncommonly useful feature for field service is one hundred terms, from *abacus* to *volute*, defined not in words, but by drawings through which the object named may be readily identified. Another valuable little book to take about is Frederick Chatterton's "English Architecture at a Glance" (Putnam), which consists of drawings arranged in chronological order, briefly but clearly explained. There are, by the way, picture-guides in the same "At a Glance" series for English furniture and for rooms with therr decorations.

There are a number of useful introductions to the appreciation of architecture, but what seems to be required in this instance is a textbook history, for reading and for reference. The one my family has used in the field and at home is A. D. F. Hamlin's "Textbook of the History of Architecture" (Longmans, Green), which goes from prehistoric times to the close of the nineteenth century. If a reference work of a more detailed type and covering more ground is needed, go straight to the old standby, Banister Fletcher's "History of Architecture on the Comparative Method" (Scribner). It will cost you twelve dollars, but look what you get for the money—a library and a picture-gallery, near a thousand pages (thin paper), and endless pictures and maps. It may be added that "Art Through the Ages," by Helen Gardner (Harcourt, Brace), a history of art I am constantly advising for family purchase, carries architecture and decoration along with its record. All these books are well worth owning; and on the road let the traveller not disdain the sixpenny guides on sale at the portals of cathedrals; the one at St. Albans, for example, will lighten the eyes of most visitors to that sample-case of architectural periods. Nor let him neglect at Chartres, the purchase and careful perusal of Huysman's novel, "La Cathédrale," also in English, "The Cathedral" (Dutton).

E. L. C., Los Angeles, Cal., seems to recall a book called something like "One Hundred Dramatic Situations," and asks what it is like.

THIS is evidently another numerical variant of the old French favorite, Georges Polti's "Les Trente-Six Situations Dramatiques" (Edition Mercure de France), which was translated as "The Thirty-six Dramatic Situations" and published first by The Writer Company. I understand that it is now published by J. K. Reeve, Franklin, Ohio, who publishes "1001 Places to Sell MSS." As Polti reports in this book, the number of possible plots has been variously estimated, but thirty-six seems now generally accepted as the working limit of possibility on the stage. In the novel there appears to be more leeway; at least Rudyard Kipling, receiving the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Literature, referred in his speech of acceptance to "the entire stock of primeval plots and situations—those fifty ultimate comedies and tragedies to which the Gods mercifully limit human action and suffering." It is curiously calming to think that for good or for ill there are only fifty things fate can do to you.

WHEN Longmans, Green asked me to be a Judge with Dorothy Canfield and Padraic Colum, in the award of a two-thousand dollar prize for the best novel for young people in their teens, I rather dreaded a task that seemed to hold possibilities of depression and drudgery. But from start to finish it was grand. The manuscripts came from all over the map, and though, of course, I had the pick of the basket to read, there were at least a dozen I am glad to have had the chance of reading. There was one, "Comrades Courageous," by Charles Finger, from which no judge with a sense of literary values could withhold the prize, and a runner-up in Mrs. McNeely's "The Jumping-Off Place" so spirited that we recommended it to be published simultaneously and let the public see at once if it had not a chance to take in juvenile fiction the same sort of place held in adult biography by Hamlin Garland's Middle Border books. The incidental correspondence with Miss Bertha Gunterman was invigorating, the judicial conferences exhilarating, and now to wind up come a letter and a poem. The letter is from Mr. Finger, whom I have never met, telling me that William Marion Reedy (famous for *Reedy's Mirror*, affectionately recalled as the inspirer of more than one poet and writer) set him on the path of writing for young people, and putting me on the list of those who receive his own continuation and commemoration of the *Mirror*, sent out from Fayetteville, Ark., under the title *All's Well*. The poem comes from the author of the runner-up, Marion Hurd McNeely, Dubuque, Iowa, enclosed in a sparkling letter in which, like the Cow in "The King's Breakfast" she explains that she didn't really mean it. I must, however, print it without permission, for it puts into shape the feelings of many a good loser:

A BALLADE OF LOSERS

Pompey, and Stribling, and Dempsey, too;
Smith (the Happy Warrior one);
All of my heart goes out to you—
The people who lost when the race was done.
Juno, by Venus overrun;
Bryan, known as a failure-fan;
Second-fiddling is no fun.
I, I too, am an Also-ran.

If the contest were gained by a foot or two,
Or e'en by a neck it had been won,
I never would feel so sore and blue;
But by one Finger I was undone!
(I hope to heavens he drops that mon
On a losing horse, or a get-rich plan!)
That prize would take me to Washington.
But I was only an Also-ran.

To him that hath shall be given anew;
That is the way this world is run.
The Newbery prize that man once drew;
Two thousand new berries that man has won!
I know that jealousy I should shun,
And raise my glass to the lucky man,
But my heart it bleeds for the folk undone,
For I, I too, am an Also-ran.

Judges, now that your task is done,
Answer me this, as man to man;
Wouldn't you like to see things won
Now and then, by an Also-ran?

I rather think the next time anyone asks me to be a judge, I will take a chance at it.

The reading room at the British Museum is to be described in a book, under that title, by G. F. Barwick, who was Keeper of the Printed Books for many years. The volume will contain comment on personalities as well as on books.

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By Francis X. Hennessy of the New York Bar

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The AMEN CORNER

One of the interesting things about the Oxford Press is the number of surprises it offers in its publications. One must watch carefully its periodic announcements of forthcoming books or forego valuable acquisitions for his library. We were delighted recently with a glimpse of promised joys scheduled for spring publication. And we pass the hint along to you who collect with pleasure and wisdom that you send your order for any of these books *now* to 114 Fifth Avenue or your favorite book shop. You will find Charles Williams's *A Myth of Shakespeare*[1] most delightful reading. "This is but fabulous dreaming" writes the author in the prologue. Then he proceeds to portray the life of Shakespeare as Shakespeare may have lived it. The rising curtain reveals the runaway boy meeting a troupe of actors on the road to London. Then London and the Theatre; Marlowe's lodgings and the Court; Shakespeare's lodging, the Mermaid, and Stratford again. The action of the play includes an interaction of interpretive scenes from Shakespeare's plays and reveals a poetic, stimulating drama of our greatest dramatist. The Poet Laureate of England in a private conversation about books and writers called Charles Williams "by far the most interesting of the younger English poets." And John Drinkwater has spoken of the author as "a poet of quite unusual substance," and of his earlier book as "teeming with essential poetic vitality."

Another Elizabethan, whose admirers have increased considerably in the past decade, is John Donne. The forthcoming edition of *The Poems of John Donne*[2] is the most authentic and certainly the most inexpensive edition to be had. Donne was a poetic temperament, imaginative, susceptible, impulsive, with an acute and subtle intellect. The extravagance and revolt in his early poems belong to our rampant age. His later ones may suit our maturity. . . . There is a book for those who take poetry "seriously," and the criticism it contains is scholarly, individual, and often disputable. But it is stimulating. It is *Papers on Shelley, Wordsworth, and Others*,[3] by J. A. Chapman. The "others" include Poetry and Experience, the Future of English Poetry, Walt Whitman, etc.

Boswellians will be glad to note *The Literary Career of James Boswell*,[4] by Professor F. A. Pottle. In a sense, this book of Mr. Pottle's is an attempt at a new form of biography which, for the literary objects of "lives" might set a fashion, were it not for the fact that it demands time, patience, and a scientific power of amassing facts and impersonally judging the evidence they provide. At any rate, in the absence of any great life of Boswell this book offers the only approach to a systematic examination of his career, and as such will be of the greatest importance to historians of literature and manners as well as to fanatical Boswellians and Johnsonians.[5] Mr. Pottle has established the fact that Boswell's literary output was larger than Johnson's own! Certainly when he came to write the "Life" he was no beginner; but an accomplished and already known man of letters.

A splendid volume for collectors, librarians and others who pay attention to the bindings of books will be *Some Notes on Bookbinding*.[6] Mr. Douglas Cockerell has done it. And Mr. Cockerell is well known as a master in the profession. He discusses paper; mending and sewing; forwarding; edge gilding and covering; covering materials; lettering and decoration; binding books of value; how to judge a binding; sizes of printed paper; and leather.

The Oxford Press will publish in September a full catalogue of the Dutch pictures[7] now on view at Burlington House, rearranged in chronological groups, the artists appearing alphabetically. The paragraphs at present appended to each item in the ordinary catalogue will be enlarged by critical opinions based on the exhibition, and where questions of attribution have been raised all particulars will be printed. Sir Charles Holmes, late Director of the National Gallery, London, will write a preface. There will be upwards of one hundred illustrations, in monochrome, of the paintings, drawings, etchings, glass, and silver, and several chromo-collotype reproductions of paintings especially chosen by Dr. Schneider, of the Hague, for this volume. It will measure 13¾ by 10¼ inches and be bound in buckram.

—THE OXONIAN.

Prices of unpublished books are probable. (1) $2.00. (2) $2.50. (3) $2.00. (4) $15.00. (5) See Rasselas, $1.00; Letters of Samuel Johnson, $14.00; Lives of the English Poets, $12.00; Johnsonian Miscellanies, $8.35; Boswell's Johnson, $2.25; Johnson and Boswell Revised, $2.50; Proposals for Printing Bibliotheca Harleiana, $2.50. (6) $2.50. (7) $40.00.

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"TYPOGRAPHICAL ADVENTURES"

A NEW idea is promulgated by Mr. Henry Lewis Johnson in his "Typographical Adventures," advertised for five Wednesday pilgrimages to exhibitions or collections of books in and around Boston, to take place in March and April. The places visited will be: Widener Library, Boston Public Library, Library of the Museum of Fine Arts, Providence libraries, and the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. The scheme is an admirable one and might be extended for the benefit of the innumerable novices in printing who wish to know something about it. Mr. Johnson has had long experience in printing, editing, and advertising.

R.

ARNOLDO CORTESI, writing to the New York *Times*, of the World Congress of Libraries and Bibliography to be held in Rome in June, says:

"Libraries from all over the world are being ransacked of their most precious pieces to add to the remarkable collection which is being pieced together in Rome. It will present a complete history of bibliography, almost since man learned to write to the present day. Even China is sending choice and ancient volumes.

"Italy, naturally, holds first place both as regards the quantity and the quality of the material to be exhibited. The city of Naples is dedicating the whole first floor of the Royal Palace to the exhibition of the finest, most precious, and characteristic bibliographical treasures of Southern Italy, with a particular wealth of Greek and Arab material.

"Rome is organizing three separate exhibitions. One is dedicated to library science, another to bibliography from old Roman times to the end of the seventeenth century. The third is an exhibition of bibliography from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present day.

"Florence will exhibit in the famous Medicea Laurenziana Library and in the Riccardiana Library, the latter exhibition promising to be of especial interest, as it will represent a typical example of the library of a wealthy sixteenth century booklover which has reached us absolutely intact.

"Bologna University, mother of all universities, is throwing its celebrated library open to those attending the congress, and Venice, in the beautiful Sansovino Hall, in Marciana Library, will exhibit one hundred of the finest book bindings in Italy.

"At Modena the rare Bible of Borso Deste will be on view. Genoa, Milan, and Trieste are also preparing exhibits which for historical interest and intrinsic value probably could not be matched anywhere in the world.

"Out of its rich fund of the past every Italian city is picking the best to show to the world's assembled bibliographers.

"None, however, can approach in interest the Rome exhibition of early manuscripts from imperial Roman times to the end of the seventeenth century. Many of these exhibits are unique pieces, which will be united under a single roof for the first time. One, for instance, is an ancient codex. It is apropos that the Vatican Library considers itself lucky to have a single page of this codex, and it treasures that page as one of its rarest possessions. By special concession Pope Pius XI himself has lent this page to the Rome exhibition, for the duration of the congress only, thus permitting, for a short while, the ancient codex to be admired, complete, for the first time in centuries.

"Another exhibit is a complete collection of the so-called 'pandects,' or extracts of the Emperor Justinian's code. They are so old that the Emperor Justinian himself may have thumbed them fourteen centuries ago. They were found in Amalfi in 1150, when that city was conquered by Pisa. Later they fell into the hands of the Florentines when they sacked Pisa. In Florence they were held in such high regard that two archers constantly stood at their side, day and night, to prevent any one from touching them."

A RARE book of Americana, only three copies of which are known to be in existence, was added to the Library of Congress recently in celebration of thirty years of service by Dr. Herbert Putnam as Librarian of Congress. It contains Marquis de Montcalm's own version of the stroke by which, shortly after his arrival in Canada, he surprised Fort Oswego, and on August 14, 1756, forced the British commander to surrender. The narrative was printed the same year at Grenoble, France.

A MANUSCRIPT orderly book of the American Revolution, apparently written by an aide on the staff of Lord Howe, was included in a collection of Americana which was auctioned at the Anderson Galleries last week. The book contains "General Orders by His Excellency the Hon'ble Wm. Howe. From 30th June & ending 5th October 1776," neatly written on 180 octavo pages, bound in the original calf. The entries open on board "His Majesty's Ship Greyhound. Sandy Hook, 30th June 1776," with landing orders for British troops. The volume covers the Battle of Long Island, the capture of New York, and the execution of Nathan Hale. The brief entry regarding Hale is: "Head Quarters New York Island, 22d September 1776—A Spy from the Enemy by his own full confession, apprehended last night, was Executed this day at 11 O'Clock, in front of the Artillery Park."

Included in the auction was also a will of Washington Irving's, apparently his first, written just before his departure for England. It is dated New York, May 25, 1815, and was witnessed by Henry Brevoort Jr., S. R. Dodge, and William S. Irving. Irving bequeathed all his property, real and personal, "to my Brothers, Peter and Ebenezer, to be divided equally between them, having been earned by their exertions and conferred on me by their Goodness. Requesting, however, that they could contribute out of the profits or income to educate & maintain the daughters of my Deceased sister, Mrs. Ann T. Dodge.

"And I at the same time as with my last breath express most solemnly & truly the deep sense I have always maintained of their affection, tenderness & extreem Generosity towards me * * * I nominate my Brothers Ebenezer Irving and John T. Irving Executors of this will."

Selections from the library of Charles D. Miller, sold March 7th at the Anderson Galleries, brought a total of $12,059. James F. Drake gave $3,000 for the three folio leaves of Rudyard Kipling's "Pan in Vermont," December, 1902, and $1,950 for Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," 1855.

AMERICAN collectors would do well to give attention to the remarks of Mr. George Bernard Shaw in connection with the sale, at a recent auction in this country, of a so-called "personal" copy of John Locke's "Essay concerning Human Understanding," the twenty-ninth edition, London, 1841, with annotations in Shaw's autograph. "May I beg my worshippers," he asks, "not to scramble too blindly for alleged Shaviana? Otherwise they may share the fate of one of their number who just paid $1,500 for a copy of Locke's 'Essay on Human Understanding.' Before somebody else pays $3,000 for this treasure, I had better state, unequivocally, that I never read Locke's essay, and that I never disfigure books by underlining them. My practice, whether as reviewer or student, is to make a very light dot in the margin with a pencil-tip, and note the page number on the end of a slip of paper. Meanwhile, will dealers and collectors be reasonably critical, and not repeat a mistake which only the prevalent mania can excuse?" The annotations in this case were actually made by Horace Townsend, his father-in-law, whose bookplate and signature both appear in the volume. Collectors ought, in the matter of handwritings, to be unusually careful: even the most honest and conscientious of cataloguers may easily, through sheer lack of time, make mistakes that under ordinary circumstances would never have passed undetected, and individual collectors must take upon themselves the responsibility of finding out exactly what it is they are buying.

Since the appearance a few weeks ago in this department of the note on Mr. Vrest Orton's "Notes to Add to a Bibliography of Theodore Dreiser," several requests have been received, asking how copies of this really important pamphlet could be secured. Mr. Orton in a letter to the *Publishers' Weekly* explains the situation in this manner: "Lingel, publisher of *The American Collector*, accepted my piece last summer for the September issue. Months went by and no September issue appeared. . . . At last a few days before Christmas I was surprised to receive twenty copies of my article printed in paper wrappers and marked 'limited to 150 copies in advance of publication of *The American Collector*.'" I started another barrage but was unable to get in touch with him. . . . His office is closed; letters about the doors, and the telephone disconnected. He has disappeared. I don't know where the other 130 copies of the brochure went, and certainly the magazine has not come out. This is a pretty mess for a bibliographer to be in—not being able to discover where his own bibliography went." It is to be hoped either that the copies will reappear, or that Mr. Orton will be able, in some way, to make his work as widely known as it deserves to be.

G. M. T.

SIR JAMES BARRIE, Bart., O.M., has presented the original MS. of his play, "The Twelve Pound Look" to Major The Hon. J. J. Astor, M.P., Chief Proprietor of the *Times* (London) in order that it may be auctioned for the benefit of the Newspaper Press Fund at the 66th Annual Festival Dinner of that Institution. The dinner will be held at the Mayfair Hotel, London, W.1, on Tuesday, April 23rd.

The Newspaper Press Fund, which is under the patronage of H. M. The King, exists to relieve distress among journalists, and to assist their widows and orphans. The Prime Minister and Sir James Barrie will both be speakers at the dinner.

The MS. consists of 24 pages, five of which are blue notepaper, measuring, roughly, 6¾ inches by 5⅛ inches, and 19 of white paper, measuring 8 inches by 5 inches. The whole is in autograph and is signed. The first page contains a sketch plan of the stage arrangements. There are numerous corrections and interpolations, the blue sheets, which are numbered 1½, 7½ and so on, having apparently been added by the author at a later stage.

Sir Herbert Morgan, K.B.E., has consented to act as auctioneer. Bids for the MS. will be received by Major Astor at 18 Carlton House Terrace, London, S.W.1

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(telegraphic address Jastorica, Piccy, London), up to 6 p.m. on the evening of the dinner, and subsequently up to 9 p.m. at the Mayfair Hotel. Major Astor's Private Secretary is prepared to arrange for the inspection of the original at 18, Carlton House Terrace.

A LARGE number of especially interesting autograph letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson have recently passed through the auction room, both in London and New York, the best being the only surviving letter from Johnson to his wife, which was sold at Sotheby's a few weeks ago for £1,120. Now the same auctioneers have in the course of a four-day sale which began on April 15, sold six letters from Johnson to Miss Lucy Porter, his stepdaughter. One of them is the affecting letter (well-known from having been printed by Birkbeck Hill) written in 1759, after the death of his mother, and arranging for the continuance of the bookshop at Lichfield.

These Johnson letters are now the property of Mr. D. F. Pennant, of St. Asaph, to whose great-grandfather, a clergyman named Pearson, they were bequeathed by Lucy Porter. And with them is the following letter written to Miss Porter by Boswell, dated January 21, 1795:

Dear Madam:

I most sincerely condole with you on the death of our valuable friend, Dr. Johnson.

As I am engaged in writing his Life, it will be very obliging if you will favour me with communications concerning him, in addition to those with which you have already favoured me. The more minute your narrative is, the better. And if you will send me any letters from him of which you are possessed, your kindness shall be thankfully acknowledged. Please put your packets under cover to Sir Charles Preston, Bart., M.P., London, who will forward them to me.—I am, Dear Madam, your most obedient humble servant, JAMES BOSWELL.

Another important section of this sale was devoted to papers once belonging to the second Baron Lexington (1661-1723), among which are no fewer than seventy-five letters from the poet and diplomatist, Matthew Prior, written from The Hague and Paris between the years 1694 and 1713.

Yet other manuscripts included many poems written by David Garrick, among them an Ode to R. B. Sheridan (who, in 1779, wrote a monody on Garrick's death), and several trial versions of Garrick's epitaph on William Hogarth.

Among the many printed books was the copy of R. L. Stevenson's "Underwoods," 1887, which he presented to Dr. Horace Dobell, one of the eleven doctors to whom that volume of poems is dedicated.

According to the London *Observer* "Book Day" in Germany has been the cause of countless questionnaires among those who sell and those who read books. Some of the information as to the book-buying public is of great interest. In translation, Mr. Edgar Wallace, among foreigners, has ousted everybody else in the same field, and a great many others besides. He has killed the market for Jack London, who was very popular before his arrival.

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THE book of the past week that has interested us most is "On Parade," caricatures by *Eva Herrmann* edited by *Erich Posselt* and published by Coward-McCann, with original contributions by most of the prominent authors caricatured. What most of the prominent authors have to say about themselves and about life is not supremely important, but it is usually interesting and characteristic of them. And over and above that the merit of most of the caricatures, both as likenesses and as unconscious revelations, is high. We have known and talked to most of these people. Miss Herrmann is able to remind us of certain salient qualities we found in them. Actually she says for them more than they say for themselves. The fine wolfishness of *Harry Kemp*, the view of *Fannie Hurst* caring passionately about people, the kewpieness of *Hergesheimer*, the phantasmal quality of *Zona Gale*, the nutcrackerness of *Mark Van Doren*, the patient impatience of *Genevieve Taggard*, the ornithological *Don Stewart*, the Mumbo Jumbo of *Upton Sinclair*, the astonishingly optimistic *Edwin Arlington Robinson*, the glorious facial curves of *Sinclair Lewis* and *Vachel Lindsay*, rotating in opposite directions—for all these indications of individuality in contemporary American letters, much thanks! . . .

A recent venture into the book-of-the-month field has been "Selected Books for Juniors, Inc." of which *John Hadcock*, an advertising pioneer and lately Vice-President and Advertising Manager of *The Spur*, is the manager. Books are to be chosen each month for two groups: "Juniority" books for young persons aged eight to twelve; and "Seniority" books for those between twelve and sixteen. Among the judges are *Angelo Patri*, *Harford Powel*, *Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt* of the Todhunter School, and *Professor Mable Robinson* of Teacher's College, Columbia. Substitute titles will be submitted to subscribers by way of a monthly magazine, *The Selector*, which the organization expects to issue. The home of the club will be at 80 Lafayette Street. . . .

Willis H. Kinnear, of 527 Marott Hotel, Indianapolis, Indiana, intends to cater to the serious creative literary efforts of college students through the medium of a magazine of contemporary writing to be entitled *Manuscripts*. Material will be drawn from approximately one hundred and twenty-five institutions. *Manuscripts* will seek short stories, poetry, plays, essays, and critical studies—also woodcuts—and will pay for all material used. It will appear monthly, the first issue to come out about the last of next September. . . .

Paul Morand has joined the list of the Viking Press with the publication of his "Black Magic." The stories of this volume are laid in Haiti, in Harlem, in New Orleans, on the Riviera, and in Africa. Morand's position in the French diplomatic service has brought him closely in touch with the life of the various countries of which he treats, and his frequent visits to America have been in large part devoted to a study of the American negro. *Hamish Miles* has done the English translation of "Black Magic," and he acknowledges aid, particularly in the matter of dialogue, from *Walter White*, the negro author. *Aaron Douglas*, the famous Negro artist, has illustrated the book. . . .

Recently *The Woman's Home Companion* has announced the largest literary prize of the year, a cash award of $25,000 which will go to the novelist, professional or amateur, who best depicts and interprets the life of the modern American city. *Will Irwin* is chairman of the committee of judges who will make the award. The award aims "to bring the novelist into the present channel of American life." "Such novels," says Mr. Irwin, "as *Ernest Poole's* 'The Harbor,' *Mrs. Wharton's* 'The House of Mirth,' and *Frank Norris's* 'The Pit' approximated for their day the sort of thing we are now seeking—social drama against the background of city life." All manuscripts submitted, other than the prize-winning novel, will receive special attention with a view to publication. The anonymity of all competitors will be preserved. The prize is offered jointly by *The Woman's Home Companion*, which will publish the winning novel in serial form, and the Bobbs-Merrill Company, which will put out the book. The winning author will retain the motion-picture rights, the second-serial and dramatic rights, and will be entitled to additional royalties from the book publisher after the first $5,000. The contest terminates March 31, 1930. . . .

The Overland Monthly, founded by *Bret Harte* and *Mark Twain* in 1868, is bringing out a special Mark Twain Number this month. There will be recollections of the author by *Julian Hawthorne*, *William R. Gillis*, and *James R. Clemens*. Numerous tributes have also been written for the number by *Henry Van Dyke*, *Ida Tarbell*, *E. V. Lucas*, *W. J. Locke* and *Knut Hamsun*. . . . . .

The Nest wishes to congratulate *Henry Hoyns* upon his new presidency of the distinguished firm of Harper & Brothers, and *Cass Canfield* and *Eugene Saxton* upon their respective vice-presidencies. Nothing has been more notable in the field of publishing of recent years than the steady improvement of the Harper list and the increase of energy and initiative in the firm. Today the Harper imprint is a genuine *cordon bleu*. . . .

Wilder Buell, author of "The Other Side of Main Street," has told his publishers, Longmans, Green and Company, that

> Of course, I spoke to Sinclair Lewis about the title of my novel. I have known Sinclair Lewis, or Hal, as we used to call him, for eighteen years. We were "wild young things" together in Greenwich Village in the days before the war. I remember one night when we stood outside the Union League Club and sang the Wobbly song, "Halleluiah, I'm a hobo, Halleluiah, I'm a bum," in the hope of shocking the supposedly conventional plutocrats within. It was at about this time that we talked of the best way to describe a small town. He talked of the plan for "Main Street" and I laid out the plan for "The Other Side." We laid some kind of a bet but I have forgotten the terms.

On April eighteenth William Morrow and Company will publish *Jesse Rainsford Sprague's* latest book, "The Middleman," which *Stuart Chase*, author of "Your Money's Worth," has called "absorbing." Mr. Sprague's last volume was "The Making of a Merchant." He is, says Mr. Chase, "a shrewd observer of the industrial scene." "The Middleman" is, like "The Making of a Merchant," a biographical narrative, its subject being the wholesale trade and its function in American economic life. . . .

Harold Lamb, author of "Genghis Khan" and "Tamerlane," has been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship to study sources for a history of the Crusades, and is now in Rome, working at the Vatican library. He will travel through Constantinople and Asia Minor to Jerusalem over the route of the first Crusade to gather material for his history of the Crusade and its aftermath in Syria which Doubleday, Doran will publish next year. . . .

You can ascertain from "The Balkan Pivot: Yugoslavia," by *Charles A. Beard* and *George Radin*, just published by Macmillan, that in this small European nation, which has figured in the news columns recently, fully half the population cannot read or write, but the reading portion till recently supported 220 newspapers and 300 other periodicals in the country besides 26 illustrated and comic magazines! . . . .

Jeannette Marks, a member of the Advisory Committee of the Sacco-Vanzetti National League, has written a book on that inexhaustible case which is being published by Albert and Charles Boni. It is priced at two dollars. . . .

Joseph Auslander tells us that

> Yielding to none this side idolatry in my admiration for that profound and whimsical pagan yclept Rose O'Neill, I must nevertheless question her responsibility for that perfect description of George Sterling's face—"like a Greek coin run over by a Roman chariot."
>
> I have always understood that the author of this simile was Charmian London. At least, I have cherished that origin for the phrase these many years.

Recently, toward the end of last month, we saw a private view of "Love, Life and Nature," presented by special invitation by The National Board of Review of Motion Pictures under the auspices of its Committee on Exceptional Photoplays. We didn't fill in the questionnaire (we always forget to do such things) but we thought it one of the most interesting educational films we had ever seen. . . .

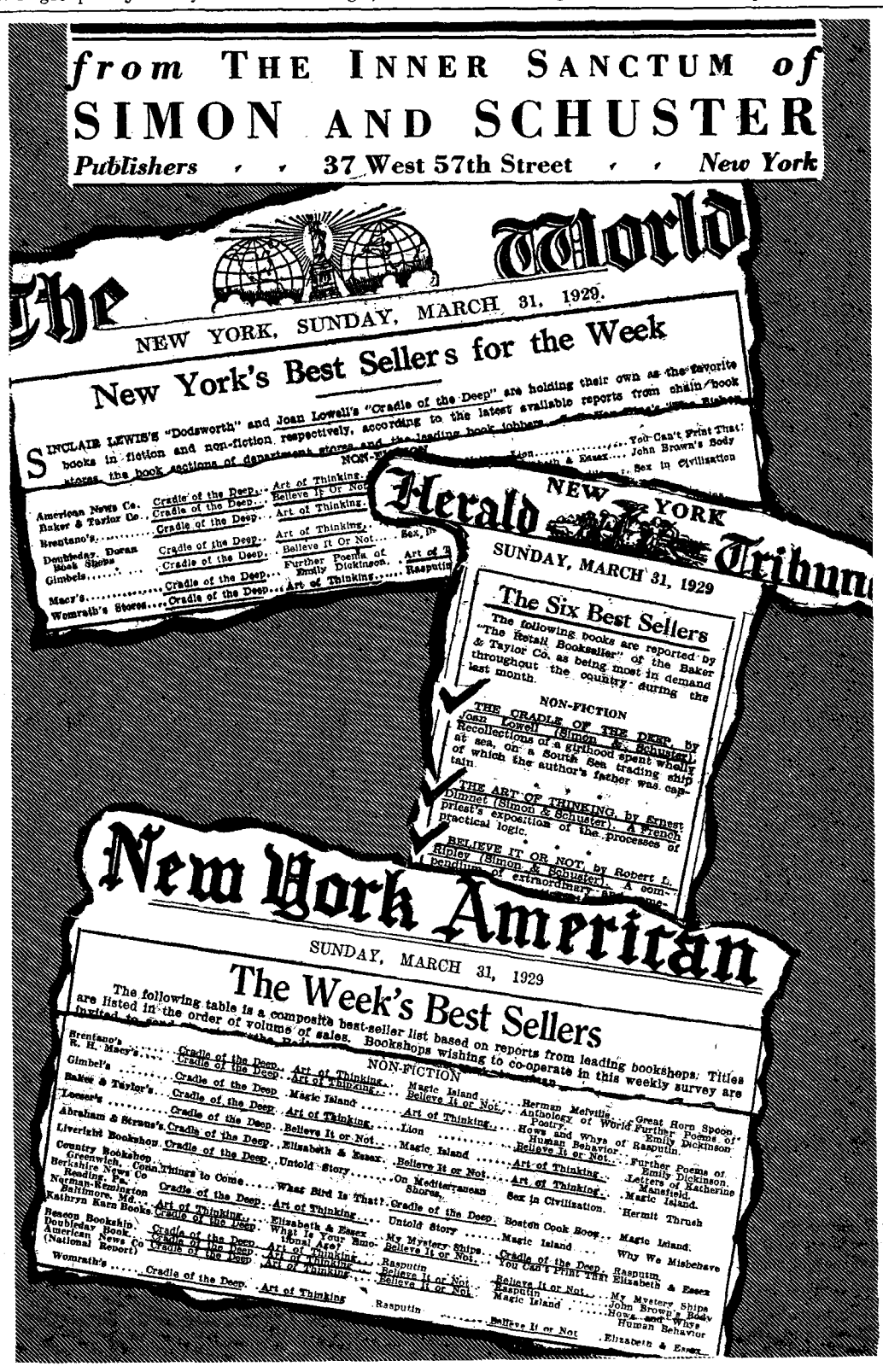
The third edition, revised and enlarged, of "The Bookman's Manual," by *Bessie Graham* is published by the R. R. Bowker Company. . . .

The story of the Lafayette Escadrille is told by Lieutenants *Bert Hall* and *John J. Niles* in "One Man's War," published by Henry Holt and Company the end of this month. Lieutenant Niles wrote "Singing Soldiers" and has edited and shaped Hall's material. Hall was one of the first seven men to join the Lafayette Escadrille. . . .

Well, gentles, *bon soir!*

THE PHOENICIAN.

The Belgrade literary world, according to a dispatch to the London *Observer*, is being shaken to its foundations by a dispute between the Serbian Literary Association, a publishing body with semi-official standing, and Mylash Trnyansky, a young Serbian writer. M. Trnyansky, it seems, contributed a series of travel sketches to two of the leading monthlies of his country. Feeling that their appearance in these journals was testimony to their worth, he submitted them to the Literary Association for publication in book form, only to have them rejected. Thereupon M. Trnyansky in an open letter to a Belgrade paper asked if it was prepared to print the reader's report. The report was published and was of so damaging a nature that the disgruntled author is now suing its writer.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Points of View

In Memoriam

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Pray permit me, in your columns, to pay a brief tribute to the memory of Grace Rhys, who died suddenly in Washington last week. She had made many friends during her short visit to the United States, where her husband, Ernest Rhys, has been lecturing, and there are many on both sides of the Atlantic who will lament her loss.

Mrs. Grace Rhys was a woman of great personality, with a share of mother-wit and a kind of other-worldliness. I am unable otherwise to express her Celtic temperament, which suggested she must have spent her babyhood with the fairies.

But it is less to tell of her personal charm than of her literary work that I write. In a quiet way she had a distinguished career. Born in County Roscommon, and educated at Alexandra College, Dublin, where she took honors in classics and modern languages, she wrote several novels, delightful in their depiction of Irish scenes and characters. Among these books are "Mary Dominic," "The Wooing of Sheila," "The Prince of Lasnover," and "Eleanor in the Loft," the last-named with an American hero, and containing many episodes largely autobiographical but disguised in time.

It was, however, as an essayist, that Mrs. Rhys achieved her widest audience. Her volume "About Many Things," republished in the Tauchnitz series, won particular attention abroad. Into it she put her individual thoughts, her love of wild creatures and wild places, in a style idiomatic and original to a degree. The London P.E.N. Club recently placed it on its select list of English classics for European readers. Another of her books, called "A Little Philosophy of Love," is a wise and simple testament for all true lovers. Those who possess it should treasure it, for it is now out of print.

"A Celtic Anthology" was Mrs. Rhys's latest contribution to literature. It contains an essay on Celtic poetry, written by her, and Celtic poets past and present, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh, are her debtors for the loving labor put into this fine book.

In collaboration with her daughter Stella, Mrs. Rhys wrote the larger part of an Exmoor novel called "The Seven Hairs of Bascomb," which may presently be published. And, during her short stay in New York, she spent part of her time writing some new essays, full of life and color and character, for a volume intended for American publication. Sad that a mind so full and a hand so capable of giving delight should now be stilled.

JAMES WALTER SMITH.

New York City.

The Wrath of God

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

There is a potion brewed by Jehovah which he calls "the wine of the wrath of God." (Rev. 14, 10).

Its effect upon those who imbibe it, is peculiar. First it fills one with the idea that he is "anointed" by "Almighty God" to be a "peculiar" and "sanctified" messenger or "servant" of Jehovah; deep draughts produce great exhilaration and the drinker has a sense of "oneness with God" and a feeling that "God's will is my will"; exaggerated cases have a feeling of "Me and God."

This most potent of intoxicants has made men kill their own sons, torture members of their own sect, and send "heretics" to endless torture in quenchless flames. All to "the glory of God."

It produces, even in the mildest cases, most weird imaginations.

Of this potation has C. C. P. partaken and his letter betrays why the Omniscient One calls Christ's Church Babylon the great (great confusion).

The readers of the *Review* were urged by me to read Dan. XI, 36-38. Here the Bible foretells that one would appear who would reveal a New God unknown by his fathers. It has nothing to do with "pagan demonology" which C. C. P. regards as not "respectable". He studiously avoids mentioning this passage or the delectable passages in Exodus I urged your readers to ponder. Neither does he mention Rev. 10th where we learn of the "little book" (the Bible) which was "sweet in my mouth" but "bitter in my belly" which Satan urged John to "eat" (understand) as he had urged Eve to "eat" the "apple of knowledge". His carefulness in this respect reveals a fact men would do well to ponder: There is much in the Bible Christian teachers are forced to "explain" or "spiritualize" or ignore, but the God of forces, the Omniscient One, has seen to it that it exactly meets the requirements of Satan, His mighty Angel of Light.

As some Christian commentators have noted that Christ (Xpistos) equals 666 in Greek C. C. P's positiveness betrays lack of knowledge plus great assurance. So I repeat: Not only does Christ equal 666 in Greek but also does Chaos (Xaos). Nor is chance that the twain are so strangely identified. Great Pan knew what C. C. P. has never dreamed, i.e., that the Christians' Christ and the Pagan philosophers' Chaos, are one and the same Personality. Yes, Satan knew what he was facing. His "If thou be the Son of God" probed far deeper than C. C. P. ever dreamed.

Great Pan has given all peoples light (He is utterly unlike Jehovah) and Socrates and Plato, Voltaire and Paine, had a far truer and loftier conception of Deity than had Christ or than Christian dogmatists possess.

C. C. P. holds up his hands in holy horror at the "hideous idea" of Christ being a false prophet. Let him ponder how truly hideous it were for the untold billions who never even heard of him and his "sole plan of salvation." C. C. P. may praise a plan that makes *him* a "bride of Christ" while it dooms billions who never heard of this heavenly "bridegroom" to eternal torment —no rational intelligence could. Let C. C. P. read Christ's own description of the Judgment Day. Suddenly, with a great shout, with 10,000 times 10,000 "angels" he planned to descend upon helpless mankind and, amid falling stars, burning worlds, and terrified creatures say to his foes: "Depart, ye cursed of my Father, into the everlasting torment prepared for the devil and his angels." Himself supreme, abundantly betrothed, with 144,000 who "had not defiled themselves with woman" (self-made eunuchs) to heighten the pleasure of his own much-brided estate and "serve" his every need, while he and his bride "rejoiced" over the torment of his own helpless creatures doomed by the "wrath of the Lamb" to "hideous" treatment indeed: For "he shall be tormented with fire and brimstones in the presence of the holy angels and in the presence of the Lamb"!

Jehovah at his best never quite equalled his "Lamb" when he was filled with "the wine of the wrath of God."

Here we have old Chaos raving that he is God. Exactly what Great Pan, the Omniscient One meant to teach by the New Testament. And oddly enough, the idea wont please Atheists a bit more than it does Christians, either!

So Christ raves he will cast down the stars and burn up the world. Great Pan laughs and the stars shine on as of yore. It is of little moment that C. C. P. thinks I "assume" the character of Apollyon. Christians will learn ere long that tomorrow never comes and "Follow me" is but a siren's mocking call. Christ and Christians have thundered from his day to today: "The Judgment Day is at hand" until it is difficult to understand how preachers keep a straight face as they try to frighten "sheep" into the "fold." I, Apollyon, simply say: "The Judgment Day is here." Read the Bible. Behold what is going on around you.

R. D. TOMPKINS.

Mrs. Browning's Sonnets

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I wonder whether Mr. Louis Untermeyer, in his disparaging remarks on Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (in the article, Colossal Substance, *Saturday Review*, March 16) represents anything more than a minority opinion. Apparently the best of these sonnets are not only Portuguese but Greek to him. Yet several of them are reprinted in nearly all anthologies of the "Beowulf to Browning" type, for use in college survey courses. Many of us admire the best work of Emily Dickinson and Christina Rossetti; but I, for one, am not so sure that either of them is superior to Elizabeth Barrett Browning at her best. If Emily Dickinson's name had been signed to the famous sonnet,

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,

I suspect that Mr. Untermeyer would have given us a rapturous disquisition on its intense and sincere passion and the combination of grave meditation with the passion; and that he might have done the same for the one beginning

My letters all dead paper, mute and white!

HARRY T. BAKER.

Goucher College.

At Variance

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I was surprised to read the other day a few lines of criticism in your *Saturday Review of Literature* about "Random Thoughts of a Man at Fifty," by John Harsen Rhoades,—the critic disparaging the book in every way, so to speak. Do the critics read books thoroughly, I wonder? The very attitude of your critic was most unsympathetic.

Your critic says, "In it there are 'bits of verse.'" The very expression "bits of verse" immediately gives the idea to the reader's mind that the book is of no account. How many lines do you think should be necessary to make a complete book of verses or of aphorisms, or, for that matter, of anything?

They say over in Brooklyn, it is not in the length of a poem that its merit stands but in the sincerity and the emotion that it conveys to the reader.

Your critic has further said: "None of them of any particular originality or force." Of course, in any book of poetry all that the poet writes is not of equal strength, but there is strength in Mr. Rhoades's verse—for instance:

A sky that crowns an ocean
With blue lit loveliness,
And the ocean gaily mirroring
The sky's enchantingness;
The air is full of softness
With just a bit of mist;
An awe-inspiring sermon
From God to Atheist.

Your critic may have his own conception of "originality" and his own idea of "force," but when he mentioned these two poems, it would have been much nicer to point out where lay the weakness and also the lack of originality. That would have been a fair criticism. Does not the author in the above lines just quoted show a "force" that embraces all, and also "originality"?

Let me take another of his poems. For instance, his poem, "The Glaciers."

Frozen streams for generations,
Moving slowly, much delay;
Built of snow through inbrications,
Melting, freezing—inter-play.

Wondrous waves in ice formation,
Tumbling, crunching all the day,
Gorgeous green and gray creations,
Through the ages on their way.

Séracs bold in seriations,
Steeples in the sun-shine day!
Snowy white in fascinations,
Phantoms when the moonbeams play.

Is not this a poem blended with emotion and strength of its own to give us a perfect picture of a glacier?

I could quote many of equal strength and beauty. It seems unless a writer makes bla bla bla his book has no meaning to a critic. Every gem should be considered in its own merit. When a critic fails to do that he has no right to be a critic.

As for aphorisms in this book, they have the strength of lightning that helps pilgrims on their onward march in some dark forest toward their unknown destinations.

Mr. Rhoades is not a word juggler. Who is the true producer of art in literature? One who juggles with words or one who lives in his imagination for that eternal Beauty toward which all life is moving, making others share the thrill that he enjoys? To my mind Mr. Rhoades belongs to the latter class.

R. M. CLARK.

New York City.

Morley Manuscript

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The undersigned has for several years been engaged in compiling a bibliography of Christopher Morley. It is hoped to have this material ready for the press sometime during the present year. In addition to printed works it is planned to present a record of manuscripts, together with the present owners' names. May I ask your readers who possess (or have information of) Morley MS. to kindly send me a record of the title, number, and approximate size of pages, whether pen-written or typed, if bound, and date of acquisition. Such assistance will be greatly appreciated by

ALFRED P. LEE.

235 South Fifteenth Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Horatio Seymour

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am preparing a biography of Horatio Seymour (1810-1886), twice Governor of New York, and Democratic candidate for President in 1868.

I should be very much obliged to you if you would print this request of mine that any person having letters of Mr. Seymour give me the privilege of borrowing the originals, or making use of copies. A careful record will be kept, and the owners of the letters will be assured of their safe return.

Because of Governor Seymour's great popularity, I feel sure there must be many letters of interest not yet deposited at the State Library in Albany, or the New York Historical Society in New York.

STEWART MITCHELL.

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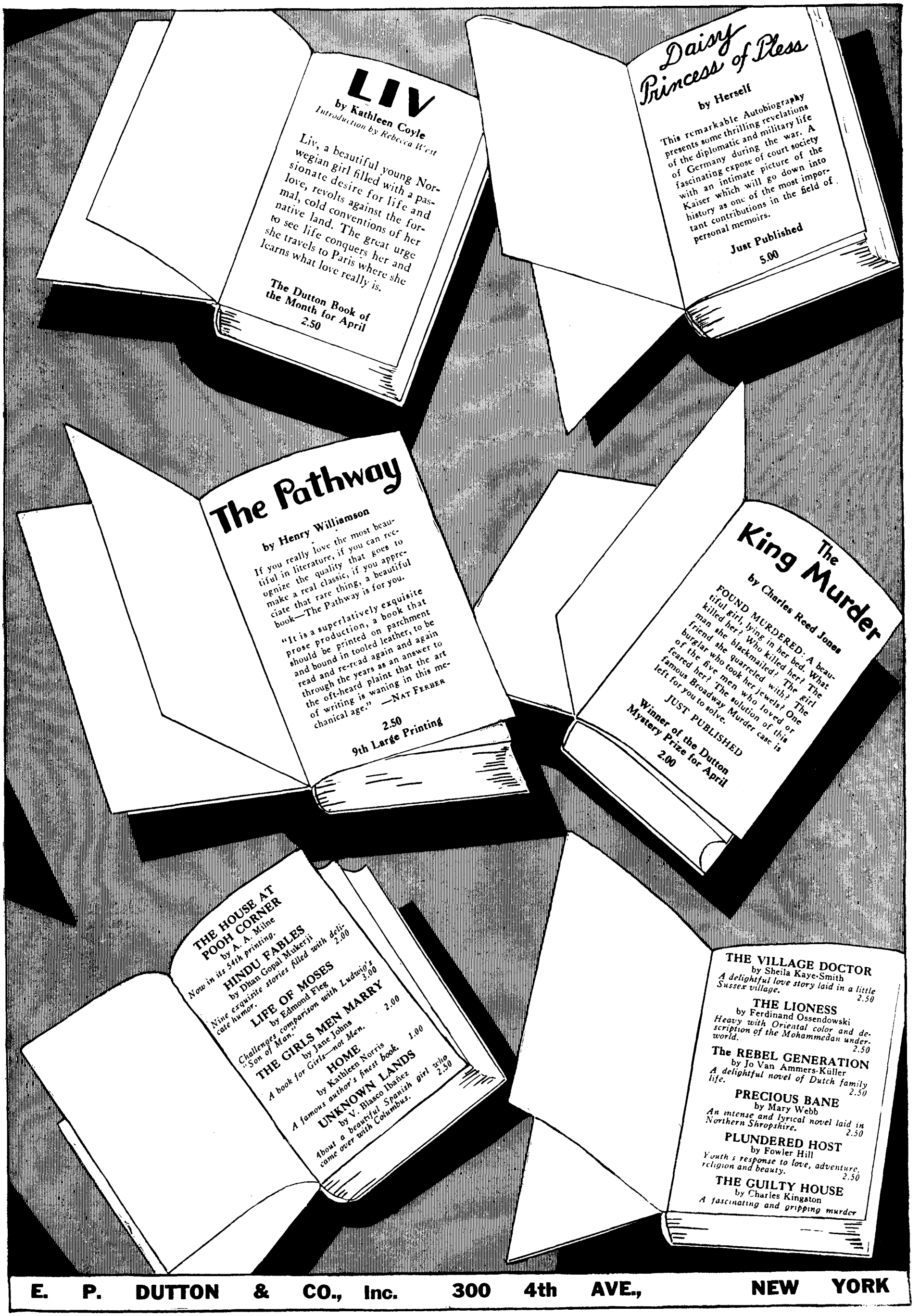
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